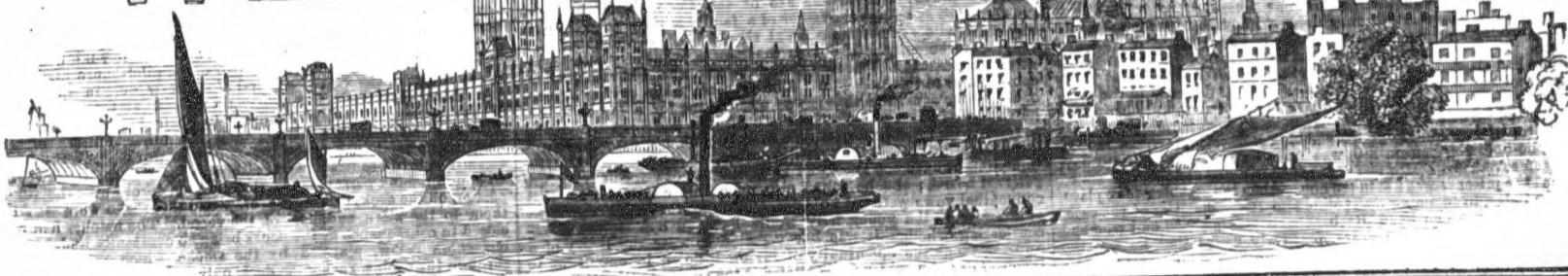


*John Duck 313 Strand*

# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.

ONE PENNY.



EASTER MONDAY AT BRIGHTON.—VOLUNTEERS BIVOUACING. (See page 707.)



## THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON.

The fourth of the volunteer reviews at Brighton on Monday added another to the brilliant successes which this important national movement may inscribe upon its banners. On no previous occasion have the volunteers achieved so great a success, or had reason to be so well satisfied with the results of the day's proceedings. The numbers present afforded tolerably good evidence that the movement is not in that state of decadence which is occasionally represented to be the case. The attractions of Brighton, and the excuse for a holiday which the Easter Monday reviews offer, have no doubt some influence with many of the volunteers, and help materially to keep up the numbers of the force that show on these occasions. The first gathering of the volunteers on the Downs at Brighton, in 1861, under Lord Banagh, did not amount to more than 5,000 rank and file. In the following year, when Lord Olyffe took command, he had under arms 19,231 men all told. In the next campaign of 1863, under Lord W. Paulet, the forces amounted altogether to 19,250; and on Monday there was a muster which, as far as can be ascertained, exceeded that of any previous year; certainly not far short of 22,000 men. This is a large body of men to be brought together at a spot distant some twenty miles from their residences, and it affords evidence of the earnestness with which the various corps are animated, and the strong desire which exists on their part to embrace every opportunity offered of perfecting themselves in field movements.

At an early hour on Monday morning Brighton presented an unexpected appearance of activity, and the shrill bugle calls were heard in various parts of the town calling the detached and scattered volunteer forces together, in order that they might parade at the rendezvous with the various corps that were to arrive from London and the provincial towns. The Grand Parade presented a scene of busy and exciting animation. It was here that the various enclosures were set apart for the rendezvous of the corps as they arrived. The areas appropriated for the different corps that were to be made up into brigades were distinctly marked. Thus, one was the enclosure of St. Peter's Church, another the Level, a third the enclosed area opposite Gloucester-place, a fourth was opposite Marlborough-place, a fifth was formed by the Pavilion Gardens, and a sixth by the Steines. To these places there swept down in an almost unbroken course, from nine until eleven o'clock, volunteer corps in red, black, green, and grey, with every shade and hue of colour for facings, braiding, plumes, shakoes, and cross-belts. Now it was dark green, with white cross-belts; now the sombre but imposing ranks of the City of London, with their glistening plumes of cock's feathers; now the Scottish, in light grey, with its two companies of hilted men, swung by to the familiar strain of the bagpipes; next the Tower Hamlets, shadowy in their light uniforms and white plumes; next came some of the many Surrey corps, dark green, with red facings, and the 1st Surrey with shakoes, instead of the strange-looking helmets which they originally adopted; the 3rd City of London, in scarlet; small detachments of engineers, in scarlet; then the dark blues of the Civil Service, followed by the battalions of artillery, in dark blue; now it was the lengthy columns of the various Sussex corps—Chichester, Arundel, Worthing, Rognor, and others; then the various Brighton corps—artillery, engineers, and infantry; the Queen's Westminster, in grey and red facings and brown leather belts; the Inns of Court, rather more dingy in colour, both mustering strong, and headed by their bands, marched with the usual élan to the rendezvous. The teams of thick-set horses were led by men in smock-frocks to the places where they were to be harnessed to the great guns—uniforms of all colours, and all shades, and all varieties were there, and no small amount of work was there too for the adjutants to arrange all their corps in their respective battalions, and brigades them in order. Here and there a brigadier grumbled because he had not with him the particular corps of which he was a colonel, and there were rumours that one noble lord had gone so far as to say that he would not act as officer of brigade unless his own corps was brigaded with him, and that he had decided objections to take command of a brigade in which Surrey, or Sussex, or Hants corps were included. The noble lord, however, did appear on the ground, and it is satisfactory to report that the brigade which his lordship commanded bore themselves right gallantly in the field; and if some of the Essex corps were not quite equal to the Civil Service in the march past, they certainly acquitted themselves as well as the average of the corps. Each corps, as it marched from the railway-station to take up its assigned position, was preceded by its band, and many and varied were the tunes which they discoursed. Now, it was a corps that marched to the saddened air of "Savourne Deelish;" then came "Slap, bang, here we are again," the men joining heartily in the chorus, followed by "The girl I left behind me;" "The dashing white sergeant" next came by, and was followed by "The young recruit" and "The Lincolnshire poacher." A Sussex corps indulged its martial ardour while its band played "The British Grenadiers;" another local corps marched to the invocatory air "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer," followed by the 1st Surrey announcing "I'm ninety-five," and the Inns of Court with their well-known "Go to the devil." The Scottish corps marched past to the tune of "The Highland laddie" and the Royal Irish swept by as the band played "Garry Owen." Martial music, bands, uniforms, and strength of corps, each and all showed in their variety that they were volunteer corps, and that in principle at least they objected to the uniformity which a closer alliance with the War-office would impose upon them. A couple of hours at least were required for the adjutants to make up the battalions and brigades, and the manner in which they got through duties of a nature which are not generally appreciated really deserves no small amount of praise. At length all was arranged, and the firing of the signal gun at eleven o'clock announced that all must be in motion towards the review ground.

## THE MARCH PAST.

On the review ground, General Sir R. Walpole and his staff were stationed opposite the grand stand of the race course. The 6th Carabiniers headed the volunteers. As each corps passed it was subjected to critical remarks from all sides. One was said to "look well;" another "keeps its distance well;" a third "marks the time correctly;" a fourth "hangs together well;" and in these and many other respects they are as critical at one of these parades as the fastidious connoisseur at the opera. Woe to the unlucky corps that is damaged by a false step of one of its members, that trails its rifles too low, or points them too high, when the supernumerary ranks are not creditably filled, and the distances are not well kept; but those who had done well had their reward in the hearty cheers of the spectators. The 28th Middlesex (Royal Irish) were among the first to pass the critical ordeal with success, and whether from feelings of sympathising nationality, or a thorough appreciation of their soldier-like bearing, they, at all events, had no reason to complain of their reception. They were more numerous than was expected, and the eighth company, consisting of veteran soldiers, each of whom bore one or more medals on his breast, came in for a particularly large share of approbation. The Tower Hamlets corps went by very creditably, but in this, as in many other instances, the distances between the companies were by no means so well set out as they ought to have been. In some cases there was not even quartier distance between the companies, while in others the distance was four and even five times greater than it ought to have been. The Inns of Court came in, of course, for their usual share of applause. Some of the companies marched well, but others were by no means up to the mark, and had they been any other corps but "The Devil's Own"—and the name seems to have a charm with some people, and all feel interested in the lawyers—it is more than

probable that they would not have been the subject of such general applause. The Scottish corps, with its two flanking companies of hilted men, were also of course loudly cheered. In this, as in the case of the Royal Irish, national feelings, combined with the picturesqueness of the uniform, entered more largely into the consideration of those who cheered than that closeness of criticism which was so unspareingly applied to other less favoured and less known corps. The 29th Middlesex went by in a very solid and soldierlike manner. So also did the 7th Surrey, a corps which has won the proud distinction of being the highest in the list of volunteers for the efficiency of its drill and for the numbers who have qualified for the Government allowance. In the 4th Brigade, the 1st Middlesex Engineers, the Civil Service, and the Queen's Westministers—the latter the most numerous corps on the ground—were deservedly cheered. The second division, headed by batteries of heavy guns of position, the horses of which, as in the first division, were driven by men in the ordinary farm smock-frocks, or by others in loosely and badly-fitting tunics and queer-looking busbies. They were cheered and laughed at to their heart's content. The 1st City of London were a fine body of men, and their marching past would have done credit to any of the regulars. The dress is a handsome, imposing-looking one. The companies kept their fronts well dressed, and maintained a regular interval between each other. Colonel Money's regiment—of the Tower Hamlets corps, having white knobs on their shakoes instead of the white plumes of other days—was much admired. Followed next a corps headed by a very corpulent commander, mounted on a small nag, and it was by general consent called "Banting's Corps" Colonel Samuda next led forward his companies of stalwart-looking men, mostly composed of shipwrights in his employ. In Lord Bury's brigade the most conspicuous for their good marching were some of the administrative battalions; the Dockyard Corps were especially good, and they came in for a very large share of approbation. Lord Banagh, as he headed the next brigade, was greatly cheered; feelings of gratitude on the part of the Brighton people for having succeeded in getting the volunteer review to be held in this locality, being no doubt uppermost in the minds of many of those who shouted, "Bravo, Banagh." The Victorians marched past in good order, so far as their fronts were concerned; but the companies, four only in number, were badly distanced. The 1st Surrey dressed front well, and marched in a thorough soldier-like manner. Lord Banagh's corps, the South Middlesex, ranked next in order of merit to the City of London for their steady marching and regular distance. The Surrey, Sussex, and Hants corps, which made up the last brigades, were on the whole fine body of men, and the marching past of some of the companies was highly creditable to them. After all the troops had marched past the grand stand, and the crowd like a dark wave had closed behind them, a few lines of volunteers, including the 1st Kent and some Surrey corps, had to force their way with difficulty through the spectators, having arrived too late to form at the enclosures and pass the saluting-flag with the rest of the battalions. Under the circumstances in which they moved forward it would be unfair to criticise too minutely their regularity of march or the solidity of their formation.

## THE SHAM FIGHT.

After the march past the various corps formed up at the northern corner of the race-course in close column, and proceeded to take up their respective positions. The First Division deployed to the left, and, skirting the high ground of the western side of the valley of Lower Bevendean, took up a first position, which was to be that of the defending force. The right of this line of defence rested on some farm buildings at Lower Bevendean, and the rear extended to Olden, Stanmer Park, and Felmer. The Second Division, which formed the attacking force, took up a position along the brow of the hill of Upper Bevendean, a small building, described on the map as the Slaughter-house, being in the rear. The two forces were thus placed on opposite ridges of hills, a deep valley lying between them. On the left of the attack the most prominent object was the windmill, and near this was stationed some of the heavy guns of position; others were posted on the extreme right of the line. The cavalry (regulars) were on the left of the defence, which was as usual supported on either flank by the artillery. The engagement was opened by some guns on the left of the defensive as the attacking force was put in motion. Skirmishers were thrown out from the attack to feel their way across the valley, and as they advanced across the green valley which lay embosomed between the white and bare-looking slopes of the hills, the scene was exceedingly picturesque. Skirmishers from the other side were pushed forward, and when each advanced well-nigh to the limits of the 100 yards assigned to opposing corps the bugle sounded the recall for the defence, and a brigade from the attack swept on in force under cover of the guns thundering from the ridge of the hills, and which could not be silenced by those on the opposite ridge. The roar of these big guns was grand, and was heard far above the puny rattle of the musketry around, but as the sound swept over the valley its reverberation and echoes were like the noise of a rushing tide swept by a storm over the well-worn shingles of a beach. Soon, however, the whole scene was clouded in smoke, in the midst of which infantry and artillery could only be distinguished by the small red flames which rushed from the cannon's mouth on the line of fire of the riflemen. The windmill on the left of the attack towered shadowy through the canopy of smoke, and the distant buildings at Bevendean were scarcely distinguishable. When the firing had ceased for a while the attacking force was seen to have moved forwards towards the attainment of its object, evidently that of gaining the London-road, with the view, probably, of sacking the metropolis, but anxious to do without encountering on its way the formidable garrison which Brighton has at its disposal, and which has already met the enemy like a lion on the path. From either side of the valley, from the slopes on each side, there rolled forth the incessant rattle of musketry, and the startling volleys from the lines of volunteers that fringe the hill-tops and mark with dark lines the sides of the valley. At last the attack gains its first step. The defenders reform their positions; but the attack, extending its new alignment, is exposed on its left flank to the cavalry, which sweep down upon them in gallant style. The Carabiniers ride round the solid squares which have been so hastily formed to receive them, but can make no impression upon them, and retire in haste before the advance of the troops of the same regiment, which, in foraging dress, give their strength to the opposing forces. Then follows a well-executed echelon movement on the part of the attack. The guns thunder from the heights, the infantry form up in first and second line, and so once more the battle rages furiously over ground far away as the eye can reach. The defenders, however, find that their new line is enfiladed, and gradually fall back to seek new formations, and to renew the contest on a future day. This Battle of Bevendean was a fight in which artillery played a most important part, and the ground was so well chosen that all the principal movements could be seen without difficulty by the immense crowds which were assembled on the ridge of the hills. The weather was fortunately everything that could be wished. It was free from that glare of the sun which had prevailed on the previous day, and although some few drops of rain fell, they were not sufficient to cause any annoyance. During the night heavy rain fell, just sufficient to lay the dust, which would otherwise have been exceedingly unpleasant.

At the close of the evolutions the two divisions returned to Brighton by separate roads. The First Division marched from the ground by a road leading from Hotshove into the Lewes-road,

and thence on to the assembling place; whilst the second division returned along the race course by the grand stand, through Bedford-street and the Marine-piazza, to their enclosures. Here many who intend to remain in Brighton for a few days broke off, while the rest returned by the trains, which were despatched as frequently as could be done with safety to their respective destinations.

## AN UNREHEARSED SCENE BE'WEEN AN ACTOR AND MANAGERESS!

At the Cheltenham Police-court, Charles Henry Hodson, aged twenty-four, theatrical performer, was charged with stealing a gold Geneva watch, from the person of "Miss Lillie Lonsdale," at the Theatre Royal, on the 8th inst.; and also with wilfully breaking a pier glass, of the value of £1 10s., the property of Miss Lonsdale. Mr. Cheshire prosecuted, and Mr. Marshall defended the accused.

Prosecutrix said she was the wife of Robert James Alexander Orym Wilson. She was lessee of the Theatre Royal, Old Wells, and was now living at 29, Cambray. She had had a dispute with the accused about his salary, and on the previous Saturday night, while she was in the act of lighting the gas in the green room, the prisoner snatched her watch. As he was leaving the room, he was stopped, and the watch fell on the floor. The prisoner then smashed a large pier glass, which was lying on the floor. In reply to a question by Mr. Marshall, as to whether she had not thrashed the prisoner, Miss Lonsdale said, "During the morning performance while I was dressing for the character of Miles-na-Coppaleon, Mr. Hodson came to the green-room door, and sent in a note to me, asking for payment of his wages before treasury. I sent back the note, with my answer, 'No.' I heard the prisoner call out, 'Then I will not go on with my part.' I came out of my room partially dressed, and said to Mr. Hodson, 'You won't perform your part?' He said, 'No, I will not.' I then called Mr. Courtney, the stage-manager, and told him what had occurred, and he said he thought the prisoner ought to play his part. I again asked him if he would go on with his part. He said, 'No, I will not, unless you will place my salary in the hands of Mr. Courtney.' He also said something to the effect that he could not trust me with the money, or that I could not pay him. I seized him by the collar, and ordered him to leave the theatre instantly. He asked me who I was, and what I had to do with him, and holding a whip over my head, said, 'D—n you, I'll smash you.' Mr. Courtney was standing by with a stick in his hand, which I seized, and gave the prisoner a sound beating. I then went to the proscenium and apologized to the audience for the defendant's absence. I engaged another person to take his part, and gave him 10s. for doing so."

In reply to Mr. Marshall, witness said she would admit thrashing the prisoner, and would do the same to a dozen such men were they to insult her as he did.

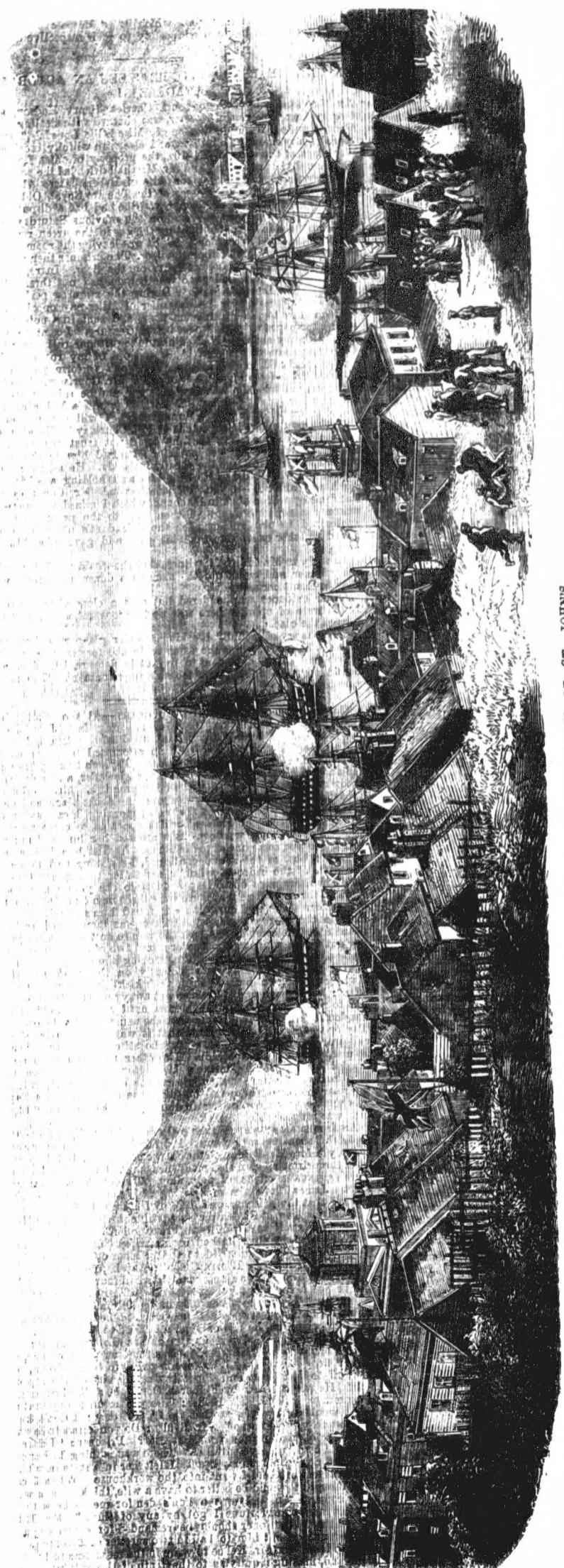
Other evidence was tendered, but at the close of the case the bench were of opinion there was no felonious intention, and dismissed the case.

The charge of wilfully breaking the pier glass was then gone into. The evidence was the same as in the former case, and the bench ordered the defendant to pay £1 10s. damage, 10s. fine, with 6s. 6d. costs, in default one month's imprisonment. The money was paid.

GALLANT ENCOUNTER WITH BURGLARS.—At the Nottingham Borough Police-office, on Saturday morning last, John Jones, George Graham, and William Littlewood were taken before the sitting magistrates, charged with an attempted burglary at the house of Mr. Taylor, in Lincoln-street. Taylor's house joins up to the shop of Mr. Lovell, a watchmaker and jeweller, and appears to the casual observer to be a part of his premises. Mr. Taylor and his wife were sleeping in a room over the house place, and about two o'clock on the previous Thursday morning Mrs. Taylor was awoken by a "scratching noise," which appeared to come from the shutters of the house window. She aroused her husband and told him there was some one at the shutters. At first he said it was all nonsense, but, as the sound continued, he got up and threw up the sash of the bedroom window, and, after telling her that the house shutters were open, leaped out into the yard, making a remark at the same time that there were three men outside. His wife went down stairs, and on going out found him struggling with a man in the narrow passage. An alarm was then raised, and Sergeant Atkinson came up and took the man in custody. After jumping out of the window, Mr. Taylor seized two of the burglars, who made a desperate attack upon him, kicking him about the legs in a fearful manner, striking him violently on the head and face. Having nothing on but his shirt, their kicks and blows took great effect; but, though one of the men got away and attempted to force him to release the other, he held him until the police officer had handcuffed him. The prisoner gave the name of John Jones. Mr. Taylor was so seriously injured that it was thought advisable to call up Mr. Brookhouse, surgeon, who stitched up the principal wound, which is on the shin. The other two men were apprehended by Mr. Chief Constable Hedington. Both of them were identified as having been seen late on the Wednesday night loitering near the place where the burglary was attempted. As Taylor was unable to appear, owing to the injuries he had received, the case was remanded for a week.

AN IRISHMAN AND HIS WIVES.—On Saturday, at the police-court, an Irish labourer man, named Patrick Sampay, was brought in custody before Mr. Raffles, on the charge of bigamy; but it appeared from the prisoner's own statement that he had committed the still more aggravated offence of polygamy. Two of the wives were in court. James Moffatt, a man living at Walsall, in Staffordshire, deposed that the prisoner, on the 28th of March, 1859, was married to his sister, Ann, at St. Matthew's parish church, Walsall. He represented himself as a widower. Prisoner left his sister, and went away, a fortnight after he had been married. Catherine Kaveney deposed that she was married to the prisoner on the 8th of April, 1861, at St. Nicholas Roman Catholic chapel, in this town. He represented himself as single man. She had four children by him, and he was a very good husband. Police-officer 429 stated that the prisoner was given into his custody on the 9th inst., charged by his wife with having married another woman. The prisoner said he had four wives, but he had only been married to two legally. The prisoner said he wished to make a statement about the matter. He said he had been married when he was fourteen years of age, and was now thirty-three. He was married to Mary Colon, who went off to Congleton, and who "lived on the side of the top of a hill." He was married by Father McDonough, at Teelore, county Roscommon, Ireland. Mr. Raffles: "Do you mean to say that any priest would marry you at that age?" Prisoner: "I don't know, sir; but they told me so." Mr. Raffles: "Do you mean to say that the sister of that man is your first wife?" Prisoner: "I dare say she is. I could not live with her. There was nothing bad enough she could not heap upon my head. I left her in a state in which I was unfit to work, and I went into the workhouse. When I came out I thought it would be better to have a wife, thinking she would never come after me. It was a lion's den for me to be with her. It is not money nor fortune I got by any of them." Mr. Raffles ordered that the prisoner should be remanded for seven days, but said he would admit him to bail in two sureties of £25 each. His worship instructed Mr. Kehoe to write in the meantime to the place in Ireland, making inquiry as to the truth of the prisoner's statement with respect to having been married by a priest under the circumstances stated.—*Liverpool Albion*.

HORSIMAR'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,250 Agents.—[Advertisement.]



SKETCHES IN NORTH AMERICA.—VIEW VI.

**ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.**  
We gave, a few weeks back, an account of this place, and also an illustration. We now give another view of St. John's, Newfoundland—land was probably first discovered by the Norwegians, at the beginning of the 11th century; but, if so, it was subsequently forgotten, till John Cabot visited it in the summer of 1497, and gave it its present name. As early as the year 1500 an extensive fishery was carried on, by the Portuguese and French, on the neighbouring banks; but, though Sir Walter Raleigh, and others, attempted to form a colony here, no successful settlement was made, till Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, in 1637 established himself on the SE. part of the island, called Avalon, and appointed his son governor. Ten years afterwards a colony was sent over from Ireland, and in 1654 a firm English settlement was made over, under the authority of a parliamentary grant. The French, who, very early in the 17th century, had formed a station at Placentia, were for many years a constant source of annoyance to the English; and though, by the peace of Utrecht, the possession of the island was confirmed to the English, the subject of fishery rights is still a *rebus tertio* between the two nations. With respect to the fishery generally, it was chiefly carried on during the first half of the last century, by the English, Anglo-American, and French; but, the capture of Cape Breton, and other possessions in America, gave a severe blow to the fishery of the latter. The American war divided the British fishery; that portion of it that had previously been carried on from New England being thereafter merged in that of the United States; but still the English contrived to preserve the largest share. The French were excluded from the fishery during the French war, in consequence of which the English had almost a monopoly of the business; but since the peace it has been carried on chiefly by the French and Americans; that of the English having declined fully these forty years since the peace.

scraped maple, rosewood, holly, satinwood, and upholstered work capable of taking a polish. The mirrors and upholstery work generally will be in the highest possible taste and excellency. The Ojavia was built at Cleveland, Ohio, for Mr. Kennard, superintendent of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company, by Meares, Peck and Masters. She is 120 feet long, and is constructed in the most substantial manner, entirely of American wood, principally white oak, white pine, and firings of hard pine, cherry, carlisle maple, black walnut, &c., all of which were transported over the Atlantic and Great Western road. She is of 430 tons burthen, 145 feet length, 25' 10" breadth, 14' 6" depth, with 250 tons coal and 700 actual horsepower. She is calculated to consume at the rate of 11 lbs of coal per horse power per hour, and with 200 tons of coal on board can make the circuit of the globe. Her propeller is 9 ft. 6 in. in diameter, with 4 ft. 6 in. pitch. Her engines are constructed upon an improved plan — the invention of Mr. Kennard. They are a combination of both the low and high pressure styles — a union of the locomotive and marine descriptions — making the vessel, with her estimated rate of speed of 14 to 18 knots, a sort of locomotive on water. The engine have a surface condenser, calculated to use steam at the rate of 75 pounds to the inch. Dimensions of cylinders, high pressure, 18 by 18 inches, low pressure, 36 by 18 inches. The cylinders are connected, and move on a beam. The steam first goes into the small cylinder, and after having performed its function there, goes into the large one, and thence into the surface condenser, where it is returned to the boiler at a temperature of about 125 degrees. The boilers are of the ordinary marine tubular kind, with about 2,000 feet surface. All the machinery was manufactured at the works of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company, Jersey City. The Ojavia has two cabins, the state cabin forward officers cabin aft. The state rooms and saloon are forward, with a children's room between them. Together with a children's room, and officers cabin aft.

urned maple, rosewood, ebony, satinwood, and others, capable of taking a polish. The mirrors and upholstery work generally will be in the highest possible taste and excellence. The Ojays was built at Cleveland, Ohio, for Mr. Kennard, Superintendent of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company, by Messrs. Peck and Masters. She is a schooner-rigged, and is constructed in the most substantial manner, entirely of American wood, principally white oak, hickory, black walnut, &c., all of which were transported over the Atlantic and Great Western road. She is of 430 tons burden, 146 ft. length, 21 ft. 6 in. beam, 14 ft. depth, with 250 nominal and 700 actual horsepower. She is calculated to consume at the rate of 11 lbs. of coal per horse-power per hour, and with 200 tons of coal on board can make the circuit of the globe. Her propeller is 9 ft. 6 in. in diameter, with 4 ft. 6 in. pitch. Her engines are constructed upon an improved plan—the invention of Mr. Kannard. They are a combination of both the low and high pressure styles—a union of the locomotive and marine descriptions—making the vessel, with her estimated ratio of speed, of 14 to 18 knots, a sort of locomotive on water. The engines have a surface condenser, calculated to use steam at the rate of 75 pounds to the inch. Dimensions of cylinders, high pressure, 18 by 18 inches; low pressure, 36 by 18 inches. The cylinders are connected, and move on a beam. The steam first goes into the small cylinders, and after having performed its functions there, goes into the large one, and thence into the surface condenser, where it is returned to the boiler at a temperature of about 125 degrees. The boilers are of the ordinary marine tubular kind, with about 2,000 feet of heating surface. All the machinery was manufactured as the works of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company, Jersey City. The Ojays has two cabin staterooms, the state cabin forward, officer's cabin aft. The state rooms and saloon are forward, with pastries, closets, store-rooms, &c., together with a children's nursery, which is supplied with all family conveniences. She can handsomely accommodate about twenty guests, without interfering with the quarters of the officers. Her complement of crew will be fifteen men. Although a purely American notion, being contrived entirely of American material, and her teams sealed as if with some purely American hermetic solution, she will sail under British colours. Mr. Kannard, however, before going to Europe, intends to pass the coming summer in American waters, where she will doubtless prove an attractive and agreeable feature in our forthcoming regattas and yachting cruises.

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## **NEW AMERICAN YACHT**

**A NEW AMERICAN YACHT.**  
New York, says a letter from that city, is undergoing a great re-vival on the subject of yachting. Clubs are to be formed and prizes homes erected; challenges are to be issued to the world, and people here accorded to the champions. Several of the leading people here have lately built fine yachts, which accounts for this new excitement. The following is a description of one of them:—"The new and beautiful steam yacht *Ocavias*—named after the owner's lady—has been fitted at Allison's yard, Jersey City, for ocean as well as coast and sound service. Mr. Allis on is fulfilling her cabin with

EKKLY NEWS. {APRIL

enough for me to see, but not to recognise him as my father. I spread the alarm through the township of what was going on, and after a while my brother came and said that the bushrangers had gone, on which I went up to Kimberley's and found my father a body had been taken inside the house. He was quite dead. While this took place my brother was compelled to hold the bushrangers' horses outside Kimberley's house, having before this been compelled to march there, a distance of three miles. When my father fell I heard his carbine fall from his hands on to the ground. In connection with this, the Government have offered a further reward, altering the conditions on which the rewards were previously offered, as will be seen by the following:—"Instead of the reward of £2,000 for the double apprehension of both these criminals, a reward of £500 will be paid for the arrest of the said John Gilbert, and a reward of £500 for such information as may lead to the capture of either of them, or £1,000, if, on such information, they are both taken. It is to be understood that the information or persons performing the above duty, whether policemen or not, shall receive the reward, and it will not go into any police fund." Depredations are as rife as ever on the Southern roads.

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TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND WIDOWS.—Twenty-five thousand widows are receiving pensions under the laws passed recently. Twenty-five thousand widows made by the present war. By its camp-levers, and privations. Twenty-five thousand women bullets and bomb-shells, its canister balls and bayonets, its wounds, receive pensions; how many thousands do not, we are not told. Many do not know whether their soldiers lies under Southern sod, or languishes in a Southern prison, or who will watch and wait for him long after the magniloquent blathering on his grave. Twenty-five thousand widows. How many orphans? how many childless mothers? how many betrothed maidens, whose young hopes have died? How many old men and women left alone and defenceless for life?

been nipped, and whose hearts are seared and seared, even for what victory can compensate for so many broken hearts, even for the fact that so many helpless women have been reduced from comfort to beggary? for again we say there are more than twenty-five thousand widows made by this war who have not received even a miserable pension.—*Nestor Paper.*

On Sunday evening the series of special services under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral were brought to a close, the sermon being preached by the Rev. C. H. Stetson.

APRIL 22, 1865.]

## THE FATAL FIRE AND EXPLOSION IN THE Borough.

The illustration here given represents the fire, accompanied by a series of destructive explosions, which occurred in one of two warehouses in the tenure of Messrs. Tilleard and Sons, wholesale oilmen and drysalters, Suffolk-street, Borough, within one door of the Winchester Music Hall. It appears that Mr. Tilleard, jun., was in the cellar pumping up some benzoin oil. Mr. Tilleard, his wife, the servant, and three other persons being in different upper rooms. Suddenly a cry of "Fire!" was raised, when Mr. Tilleard and his wife made an attempt to descend by the staircase, but they were met by fumes of burning sulphur and oils, which prevented them. Mr. Tilleard pulled his wife into one of the front rooms, and, having closed the door, opened the window, and police-constable M'Connell, S.M., and a young man named Outerell, were carrying her down a ladder when a fearful explosion occurred, shaking all the houses in the vicinity to their foundations. Mrs. Tilleard, the police-constable, and the assistant were blown off the ladder, the first-named falling violently upon her head. Four or five other explosions followed, of greater violence than the first, and the roof was lifted high into the air, heavy beams of timber were sent across Suffolk-street, demolishing the skylights, and a portion of the roof of the Winchester Music Hall, and prostrating Mr. Bossitor, a gentleman connected with the Southwark Water Company, and Favor, one of the turncocks, and a shower of slates forced in some windows of the opposite public-house, and the embers were driven into Ann's-court and York-place. We regret to state that Mrs. Tilleard has since died of the injuries she experienced.



APRIL 22, 1865.]

## THE FATAL FIRE AND EXPLOSION IN THE BOROUGH.

The illustration here given represents the fire, accompanied by a series of destructive explosions, which occurred in one of two warehouses in the tenure of Messrs. Tillear and Sons, wholesale oilmen and drapers, Suffolk-street, Borough, within one door of the Winchester Music Hall. It appears that Mr. Tillear, jun., was in the cellar pumping up some benzoin oil. Mr. Tillear, his wife, the servant, and three other persons being in different upper rooms. Suddenly a cry of "Fire!" was raised, when Mr. Tillear and his wife made an attempt to descend by the staircase, but they were met by fumes of burning sulphur and oils, which prevented them. Mr. Tillear pulled his wife into one of the front rooms, and, having closed the door, opened the window, and police-constable M'Connell, 35 M., and a young man named Otterson, were carrying her down a ladder when a fearful explosion occurred, shaking all the houses in the vicinity to their foundations. Mrs. Tillear, the police-constable, and the assistant were blown off the ladder, the first-named falling violently upon her head. Four or five other explosions followed, of greater violence than the first, and the roof was lifted high into the air, heavy beams of timber were sent across Suffolk-street, demolishing the skylights, and a portion of the roof of the Winchester Music Hall, and prostrating Mr. Bossister, a gentleman connected with the Southwark Water Company, and Favor, one of the turncocks, and a shower of slates forced in some windows of the opposite public-house, and the embers were driven into Ann's-court and York-place. We regret to state that Mrs. Tillear has since died of the injuries she experienced.



FATAL FIRE AND EXPLOSION IN THE BOROUGH.

## THE POPE PROCEEDING TO MASS ON EASTER SUNDAY.

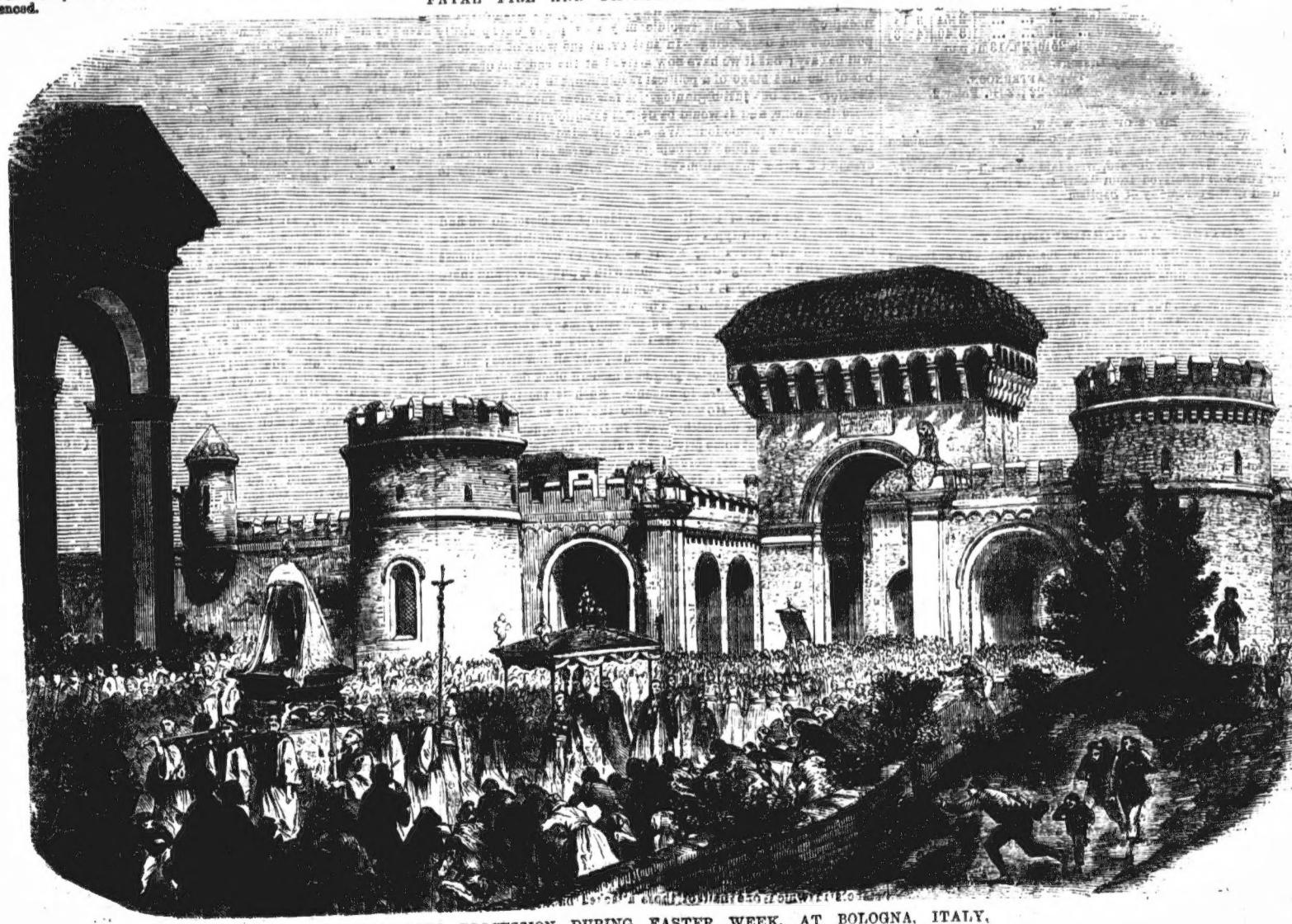
On Easter Sunday, the Pope officiated pontifically at mass, and afterwards solemnly gave the benediction *urbis et orbis*.

The French and Peditifinal troops and an immense number of people were present at the ceremony. Enthusiastic cheers were raised in honour of the Pope. The weather was magnificent. We give an illustration on page 712 of the Pope proceeding to mass.

## HOLY WEEK AT BOLOGNA. — PROCESSION OF PRIESTS.

In addition to the illustration of the Pope Proceeding to Mass on Easter Sunday, we give, below, another of the religious ceremonials at Bologna during Holy Week. Bologna is a city next in importance to Rome for its religious festivals. It has 74 churches, 35 convents for monks, and 38 for nuns. The cathedral was built in A.D. 432. With such an array of ecclesiastics, the religious ceremonials here are always imposing.

A HUGE TIGER.—A large tiger, measuring ten feet two inches from the point of the nose to the tip of the tail, and four feet in height, was shot on the 2d ultimo, on foot, by three indigo planters, with smooth-bored guns, near Mungoal Factory. This ferocious animal had been prowling about the neighbourhood for some days, committing numerous ravages amongst the natives and cattle—in fact, this beast was so much dreaded by the natives of the neighbourhood that they were afraid to go any distance from the village, and the delight shown by men, women, and children at the death of this monster was surprising to witness.—*Calcutta Englishman.*



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION DURING EASTER WEEK, AT BOLOGNA, ITALY.

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ings—Clippings from "Pan," "Fun," &c., &c.  
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#### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

H. W. L. B.

		A. M.	P. M.
22. <sup>s</sup>	Shakspeare Tercentenary, 1864	... ... ...	11 2 11 38
23. <sup>S</sup>	LOW SUNDAY	... ... ...	0 7
24. <sup>m</sup>	First Scotch steamer launched, 1788	... ...	0 34 0 57
25. <sup>r</sup>	Princess Alice born, 1843	1 22	1 45
26. <sup>n</sup>	New Orleans surrendered, 1862	2 8	2 32
27. <sup>v</sup>	Garibaldi leaves England, 1864	2 54	3 18
28. <sup>w</sup>	Mutiny of the Bounty, 1789	3 40	4 3

Moons & Changes.—New Moon, 25th, 2h. 13m. p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

AFTERNOON.

Num. 16; Acts 20.

Num. 22; 2 St. Peter 2.

#### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

23rd. LOW SUNDAY.—This day was also formerly called *Dominica in albis*, because the chrismos, or white robes in which those christened on Easter Eve were dressed, were laid aside on this Sunday. The word *chrismos* is derived from "*chrism*," or holy ointment, formerly used in the ceremony of baptism.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* \* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

To Our Subscribers.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY News and REYNOLD'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office, 818, Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 818, Strand. Persons enabled to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY News from newsagents, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. Dicks, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 3s. 3d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

St. CAMPION.—Cordwainer is supposed to have originated from Cordovan leather, of which the dustiness was made.

W. H. P.—The origin of savings Banks is generally ascribed to Priscilla Wakefield, who founded one at Tottenham in 1804.

PEARL.—The source of the Serpentine is at Kilburn.

B. O.—The duel between the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Buckingham was fought in Kensington Gardens on May 2nd, 1822.

MEGHANT.—The Enterprise was the first steam vessel that sailed to India, she left Falmouth on the 15th of August, and arrived in the Hoogly, December 9, 1825.

A. P.—The Queen's Bazaar, in Oxford-street, was burnt on May 27, 1829.

FARMER.—Farm and garden labourers in New South Wales receive from £30 to £50 per annum with rations.

W. P.—Lord Palmerston accepted the office of Home Secretary in the Coalition Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen in December, 1852; he resigned in the following year, but was induced almost immediately to resume the office, which he held till his appointment as Premier in 1855.

JULIET.—Miss Beecher was married to Miss O'Neill, the celebrated actress, in 1812.

F. T.—The child being illegitimate, it should be registered and baptised in the name of the mother.

ARCTIC.—The Hecla proceeded to the northern latitudes on April 20, 1821, and was commanded by Captain Lyons. Parry was captain of the Fury, which sailed in company of the Hecla.

G. T.—Mail coaches were set up in Bristol in 1784, and were extended to other routes the following year.

BALLA.—The only legal authority that we are aware of for bell-ringing in churches is contained in the order for the service of the Church of England.

RICHARD.—David Garrick made his first appearance on the stage at Ipswich. He became lessee of Drury Lane Theatre in 1747, and retired from the stage June 10, 1776.

B. B.—The term "bam-baiff" is a corruption of "bound bailiff," every sheriff's officer being obliged to enter in a bond, and give security for good conduct.

BENEDICT.—The original founder of Oxford University was, it is stated, Alfred the Great, in the year 886.

EMBARRASSED.—Send us your address and we will recommend you a respectable, intelligent, and economical London solicitor.

#### THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

For months past the Northern forces have been closing grimly round the single army of the South, and it is to this combination of foes that Lee at length has yielded. He had upon him at once the grand army of the Potomac, under Grant; the army of the Shenandoah Valley, under Sheridan; and the army of Tennessee, under Sherman. They shut him in on every side. Though Sherman was not present at the last engagement, he was at so short a distance, and was so formidably posted, that Lee was compelled to detach troops to keep him in check. Then upon his weakened force fell Grant and Sheridan together, the former with his old stubborn strategy, the latter with his impetuous and brilliant valour. The Federals had troops enough to fight and watch together, to engage the Confederates at every point, and to take advantage of the slightest opportunity. Suddenly, after three days' fighting, Richmond and Petersburg were discovered to be empty, and the Northern generals seized their prize. The rapid change in the fortunes of this desperate war was occasioned mainly by the errors or misfortunes of the Confederate generals opposed to Sherman in the campaign of last year, but it is evident that the numerical inferiority of the Southern population was making itself felt at every point in the operations of the war. The North raised army after army, and was always prepared with undiminished forces for a fresh campaign. But the South could barely maintain its three principal armies, nor could one of those be reinforced except at the expense of another. If the Confederate army in the Shenandoah Valley could have been kept at a strength sufficient for the repulse of Sheridan, the victory at Richmond would not have been won, but Sheridan drove in the force before him at last, and by combining his army with Grant's enabled him to gain this decisive battle. The weakness of the Confederates, again, was palpable in Tennessee, when, even in the absence of Sherman, they could do nothing to re-establish their cause. Finally, their forces were all driven upon Richmond and Petersburg, where Grant, with the aid of Sheridan, at length found himself strong enough for the final struggle. We must now wait for what nothing but nothing but time can teach us—the solution of the great problem of secession. Has this terrible drama been simply a war, or is it a revolution? If it is a war, the end must be near—if, indeed, it has not been reached already; for beyond the feeble force under Johnston at Raleigh, and the remnant of the Richmond garrison under Lee, the South has no organized armies in the field, nor is it probable that any can be raised. This stage of the great struggle has been accomplished. The North, by its determined will, and lately, it should be added, by the excellence of its generals, has overcome the South, has defeated its armies, and occupied its principal towns. It has had far greater difficulty in doing so than was at first anticipated, and it appeared, indeed, at times as if even this portion of the work could never be accomplished at all. The Confederacy which for five years has proved so unexpectedly strong and resolute may now prove unexpectedly powerless and desponding. In that event the work of the North will be easy; but if we have now arrived at the end, not of a war, but of the first stage of a political revolution, the real troubles of the North are but just beginning. A few more months will disclose the scene, and it would be useless to anticipate the spectacle by conjecture or prediction. We can only admire the heroism of the combatants while we deplore the carnage; but what so dreadful a strife may ultimately bring forth it is impossible to imagine.

ever ceases to rage, and it contributes largely to swell the mortality of that and other great towns. In London it was comparatively rare quite recently. Fevers of all kinds are indigenous or naturalized among us, but "the fever," as it is called per excellence, seemed to be on the decline. Two or three years ago it broke out afresh, the Fever Hospital became overcrowded, and a new wing was built, nor is there at present any sign of abatement. Dr. Jeafferson's testimony on this point is very startling. "Through the number of patients mainly suffering from typhus admitted into the London Fever Hospital in 1864—viz., 3,610—exceeded by a thousand the admissions for any previous year, still those for the first quarter of 1865 exceed by 200 the number received in the corresponding period of last year."

#### GOOD FRIDAY WITH BROTHER IGNATIUS.

BROTHER IGNATIUS and the brethren of the English order of St. Benedict, at Norwich, made special efforts to celebrate Good Friday according to their peculiar views. The chapel was hung with black, and all daylight was carefully excluded, but two large candles glimmered before the altar. After a few seconds, however, it was apparent that a procession was advancing, at a snail's pace, through the gloom, and threading its way carefully through a rather numerous and closely-packed congregation, principally of the poor classes. The rich baritone voice of Brother Ignatius could soon be detected in the hymn which the procession was singing. When the procession reached the altar a few more candles were lit, and it was then possible to observe that Brother Ignatius wore a cloak of gold vestment on his back, while his head was covered with the cowl of the order. The Rev. G. J. Ouseley closed with the procession, wearing a vestment of black, with a large white cross on the back. The monks, pure and simple, wore only their ordinary black dresses and cowls. Brother Ignatius had carried in the procession what appeared to be a small coffin, draped with black and surrounded by a crown of thorns. The commandments were intoned by the Rev. G. J. Ouseley, and a hymn of which the ever-recurring refrain was "Jesus on high is crucified," was sung softly, with pleasing effect. The crown of thorns was then removed. Next the Rev. G. J. Ouseley read the epistles of the day, and afterwards the first lesson, strange liberties being taken with the ordinary mode of celebrating divine service in the Anglican Church. A passage of the Old Testament, from the prophet Hosea, was next read, followed by an anthem, solely sustained by Brother Ignatius, "I have heard thy voice, Lord, and was afraid." As has been stated on more than one occasion, Brother Ignatius plays with good taste and effect upon the organ, and his voice is an excellent one; indeed, he is the life and soul of the English order of St. Benedict, and but for him it would doubtless soon become a thing of the past. A collect was then read by the Rev. G. J. Ouseley, and on his making the brief preliminary exhortation, "Let us pray," Brother Ignatius exclaimed, in the authoritative tone which seems habitual with him, "Let us kneel down." The faithful of the congregation obeyed, and then immediately afterwards Brother Ignatius said, "Let us rise up again"—a curious procedure, which was adopted at least a dozen times before other collects which followed. It should be observed that when the Rev. G. J. Ouseley read from the Scriptures, the book was held by one of the monks, and Mr. Ouseley read, or rather intoned, with his hands folded in an attitude of reverential prayer. Another anthem followed, "Deliver me from the evil man; preserve me from the wicked man," and was sung by Brother Ignatius with a pathos which seemed to indicate that he applied the words to his own case, and to the enemies with whom he has to contend in the outer world; and he appeared to pour out his whole heart in the supplication, "Lord God, Lord God, Lera God, strength of my salvation.....cover my heart.....do not forsake me, lest the ungodly triumph." Brother Ignatius next proceeded to read or sing the gospel of the day, or, as he termed it, the "passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, according to St. John." Mr. Ouseley standing near with uplifted and folded hands. The gospel for Good Friday is a pretty long one, and, as Brother Ignatius sang the several passages, such as "Filie, therefore, took Jesus and scourged him" (the word "scourged" was almost indefinitely prolonged); "Behold the man"; "Away with him" (the cry of the Jews); "Woman, behold thy son"; "I thirst" (given very loudly), &c. This feature of the service occupied a considerable time. At the words, "it is finished," and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost," an anthem was made to pourtray the lightning and thunder which the Scripture narratives record to have attended the real event. Brother Ignatius, Mr. Ouseley, all the monks, and most of the congregation prostrated themselves for a few seconds. Brother Ignatius then completed the reading, or rather the singing, of the gospel; after which various collects or prayers followed, each being preceded by the formula, "Let us pray," "Let us kneel down," "Let us rise up again," the effect being that Brother Ignatius, Mr. Ouseley, the monks, and the faithful were continually rising and falling, and falling and rising, although they were standing when the prayers were read. The prayers were offered for "John Thomas, the protate chosen to rule over us;" for "bishops, priests, and all the holy people of God;" for "all orders and degrees of men;" for "our catechumens;" for the sick, a secure harbour for those at sea, the breaking of the chains, of prisoners, the securing of plenty to the world; for all heretics and schismatics, and their return to the bosom of our holy mother, the Orthodox Church; for the "perfidious Jews" (here Brother Ignatius exclaimed, by way of explanation, "We do not kneel in this prayer in hatred and detestation of the Jews, who knew it in mockery to our Lord"), &c. A veiled crucifix was then removed by Mr. Ouseley from the top of the altar, the cope which covered it was partially removed, and Mr. Ouseley, holding it aloft, said, "Behold the wood of the cross." Brother Ignatius and the congregation responded, "Come let us adore." The cope was then entirely removed, the crucifix again held aloft, and the words, "Behold the wood of the cross," repeated with the same response. Then the cope was entirely removed, and the figure of the Saviour was exposed, Mr. Ouseley saying, "Behold the wood of the cross, on which hung the salvation of the world." The response having been sung, the crucifix was lowered to the ground, and Brother Ignatius, creeping towards it, reverentially kissed it. Mr. Ouseley, taking off his cross-embroidered vestment, followed his example. Brother Ignatius then said that "in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," he desired to say a few words to the congregation, whom he addressed as "men and women, sons and daughters of our fallen race." He accordingly ascended a kind of pulpit, and in a tone of impassioned entreaty besought all present to show their love for Jesus by coming to adore the holy cross. They kissed, he said, the pictures of relatives and distant friends, why not kiss the emblem of their faith—the cross of their Lord? He then prescribed that during the "creeping," a hymn should be sung, that the faithful in drawing near the altar should make three prostrations, and finally that they should kiss the hands and feet of the figure on the crucifix.

The chapel was perfectly destitute of any ornament, and appeared a truly wretched place for religious worship of any kind. The brethren, aware of this, are endeavoring to collect funds for the erection of a suitable church. The ventilation of the present chapel is very defective, and when it is filled as it was on Good Friday, the atmosphere is painfully hot and stifling. However, the monks almost live in it; and at all hours of the day and night a deep-toned bell calls them to prayers.

## General News.

"THE Duke and Duchess of Buckingham," says the *Malta Observer*, "left this island on the 5th for England in their yacht Surprise, after a stay of several weeks."

SIR WILLIAM WAKE, Bart., of Courteenhall, Northamptonshire, died suddenly on board his yacht in Southampton Water.

On May 16th the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the Rhenish provinces with Prussia will be celebrated at Aix-la-Chapelle with much festivity in presence of the King. Aix-la-Chapelle has been chosen for the celebration, as it was in that city that the governors of the province and others did homage to King Frederick William III of Prussia in 1815.

The continental journals continue to speculate as to the cause of the visit which the King of the Belgians is now making to the English Court. Some even state that France proposes to incorporate a portion of Belgium within a short time; others, again, widely assert that there is a project of an alliance between France and Prussia at the cost of the Belgian nation, and that his majesty has journeyed to England with no other view than that of averting the threatened danger; but a Vienna correspondent claims to have discovered the grand secret—that the visit is simply relating to the projected marriage of the Princess Victoria of England to the Hereditary Prince Ernest Augustus of Hanover.

We understand that Mr. Thwaites, chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, will receive the honour of knighthood on the occasion of the opening of the great system of intercepting sewers on both banks of the Thames.

## The Court.

The Queen, their Royal Highnesses Prince Alfred, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, Princess Beatrice, and the Duke of Cambridge, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, attended divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel.

The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor administered the sacrament of the Holy Communion.

The Royal Highness Prince Alfred, attended by Lieutenant Haig and Dr. Barnard, left the castle on Monday morning for Sandringham Hall, on a visit to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Mr. Friend had the honour of submitting for her Majesty's inspection his drawings of the Falls of Niagara, executed by him for his royal highness the Prince of Wales.

The Right Hon. Edward Cardwell had an audience of her Majesty.

Her Majesty the Queen, with the royal family, left Windsor for Osborne on the 20th inst. The Court will reside at Osborne until the 6th proximo, and afterwards return to Windsor.

On the 18th of next month the Queen will leave Windsor for Scotland.

## THE BAY OF BAIE—APOLLO AND SYBIL.

The large engraving which we give on our 713th page is from a celebrated picture by the late J. M. W. Turner. The "bay of Baie" is essentially a romantic picture; and yet in it the painter has contrived to infuse many of the elements of common life. The Sybil might be one of Mr. Elly's models; and to tell truth, savours more of the platform in the studio than of the mystic tripod. That little white room, sharp and distinct against the swelling shadow of the great mountain—those pine-trees, those rocks cast about in the volcanicertility of Italy's desolate land—those subtle evidences of reptile life, in the snake coiling among the rank luxuriance of the undergrowth (and who shall say how many lizards, serpents, snakes, toads, and bats, before the unmeasured depths of the foreground?), these are all of the earth, and earthly; the blue bay in the distance is as blue to-day as it may have been thousands of years since; the little boats with their charming lateen sails might be the feluccas and caiques that crawl along the smiling coasts of the Mediterranean now; the sky is one of the simplest in drawing and colour that Turner ever attempted; yet the magical perception, and no less magical power of the painter, have invested the whole scene with a delightful aroma of romantic beauty. The picture is carefully painted; the middle foreground is bold and sonorously; the two figures are even hidden in the deformity of their details. Yet the line of beauty is in every limb, in every limb of a tree, in every curve of a cloud, in every bend of a sail, in every vein of a leaf, in every ripple of a wavelet. The discordant parts form one beauteous and harmonious whole. Baie is a famous marine watering-place of ancient Italy, the Brighton of the Roman world, on the west shore of the Bay of Naples, eight miles west of that city. Baie was indebted for its rise and celebrity to a variety of circumstances—to the softness and serenity of its climate, the beauty of its situation, the abundance of its hot springs, which gave to the Romans, who were passionately fond of the bath, the opportunity of indulging in that luxury in every form that was most acceptable, &c. It seems to have come into fashion previously to, or about, the era of Lucullus, who had a splendid villa built in the town or its immediate neighbourhood, as had also Caesar, Pompey, and Augustus; and it continued to increase in popularity, and so to be a favourite resort of the emperors and of the affluent voluptuaries of Rome, till the irruption of the barbarians under Theodosius the Great. The town was built originally on the narrow strip of ground between the hills and the sea; but as this space was of very limited dimensions, after Baie became a fashionable resort, the foundations of its streets and palaces were projected into the bay itself. This is alluded to by Horace. No sooner, however, had opulence withdrawn her powerful hand, than the sea gradually reclaimed its old domain; nobles and patricians were torn asunder, washed away, or tumbled headlong into the deep, where, several feet below the surface, pavements of streets, foundations of houses, and masses of walls, may still be observed. Earthquakes and other convulsions of nature have also contributed largely to the destruction of Baie, of which only a small portion of the ruins now remain.

**SINGULAR DETECTION OF A MURDERER.**—The following paragraph is going the round of the German press:—"A cattle-dealer of Krussau Schlesie was murdered and robbed some twelve years since, and no trace of the murderer could be found. A year later the murdered man's daughter married a master butcher, with whom she has lived ever since. A few days back, while preparing to remove to another house, the woman found among her husband's effects a small purse embroidered with silver which she herself had made for her father, and which had disappeared after the murder. A horrible suspicion took possession of her mind, and having taxed her husband with the crime, he made a full confession, and has consequently been arrested and committed for trial."

**THE PHILOSOPHY OF A GOOD MAN.**—*Hat is the index to the character and condition of the wester, a proof of taste and sense—in fact, a good hat shows that a man has a proper respect for the prevailing fashion of progress and improvement in the customs of civilized society.* Walker's noted half-gloves, hats are distinguished as quality and size; the shapes being in every variety, are suitable to all comers. To improve the memory it would be well to repeat frequently last Walker's hat Manufactory [Advertiser No. 49, Crawford-street (corner of Seymour-place), Marylebone.—(Advertisement.)]

**YOUR CARD, IF YOU PLEASE.**—50 printed from plates, 1s. 6d (post free). No charge for stamping envelopes or paper. Colour stamping reduced to 1s per 100. ARTHUR GRANGER, 303, High Holborn, London. [Advertisement.]

## THE DEFEAT OF LEE, AND CAPTURE OF RICHMOND.

The following is an account of the excitement caused in Washington:—

The fall of Richmond and Petersburg became known at Washington a few minutes after eleven o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of April. The intelligence soon spread throughout the city, occasioning intense and joyous excitement. Between eleven and twelve o'clock an immense crowd gathered in the park on the north side of the War Department, and there received the first confirmatory intelligence of the victory, which was greeted with deafening cheers. There were loud calls for the Secretary of War, who delivered the following brief address:—

"Friends and fellow-citizens.—In this great hum of triumph, my heart as well as yours is penetrated with gratitude to Almighty God for his deliverance of the nation. (Tremendous and prolonged cheering.) Our thanks are due to the President—(cheers)—to the army and navy—(cheers)—to the great commanders by sea and land (cheers)—to the gallant officers and men who have perilled their lives upon the battle-field, and drenched the soil with their blood. (Cheers.) Henceforth our communion and our aid should be given to the wounded, the maimed, and the suffering who bear the marks of their great suffering in the mighty struggle. Let us humbly offer up our thanks to Divine Providence for his care over us, and beseech Him to guide and govern us in our duties hereafter, as He has carried us forward to victory, and to help us to secure the foundations of this republic, soothed as they have been in blood, so that it shall live for ever and ever. (Enthusiastic cheering.) Let us also not forget the labouring millions in other lands, who in this struggle have given us their sympathies, their aid, and their prayers, and let us bid them rejoice with us in our great triumph. Then, having done this, let us trust the future to him, who will guide us as heretofore, according to his own good will. (Cheers.)

The Secretary then read the despatch from General Grant announcing the capture of Richmond, and that he (Grant) was moving the army up to capture the Danville Railroad and Lee's retreating forces. It was received with long-continued cheering.

A large crowd collected in front of the State Department, which was profusely decked with flags. Secretary Stewart was called out, who, after the cheers had subsided, spoke as follows:—

"I thank my fellow-citizens for the honour they do me by calling to congratulate me on the fall of Richmond. (Cheers.) I am now about writing my foreign despatches. What shall I tell the Emperor of China? I shall thank him in your name for never having permitted a practical flag to enter the harbours of the empire. (Applause.) What shall I say to the Sultan of Turkey? I shall thank him for always having surrendered rebel insurgents who have taken refuge in his kingdom. (Orches of 'That's it,' and cheering.) What shall I say to the Emperor of the French? (A voice, 'To get out of Mexico.') I shall say to the Emperor of the French that he can go to-morrow to Richmond and get his tobacco, so long held under blockade there, provided the rebels have not used it up. (Laughter and cheers.) Colonel John Russell I will say that British mercenaries will find costly exportation from our ports, under treaty with the United States, easier, or than cotton obtained by running the blockade, as for Genl. Russell himself, I need not tell him that this is a war for freedom and national independence and the rights of human nature, and not a war for empire; and that a Great Britain should only be just to the United States. Canada will remain undisturbed by us so long as she prefers the authority of the noble Queen to voluntary incorporation with the United States. (Cheers and exclamations of 'That's the talk.' 'You're right.') What shall I tell the King of Prussia? I will tell him that the Germans have been faithful to the standard of the Union, as his excellent minister, Baron Geret, has been constant in his friendship to the United States during his long residence in this country. (Cheers.) To the Emperor of Austria I shall say that he has proved himself a very wise man, for he told us in the beginning that he had no sympathy with rebellion anywhere. (Cheers.) I do not doubt, fellow-citizens, but at least you accede to the theory by which I have governed myself during the war, namely, that the rebellion was to end in ninety days. (Laughter and cheers.) I have thought this the true theory, because I never knew a physician able to restore the patient to health unless he thought he could work a cure under the most unfavourable circumstances in ninety days. (Renewed laughter.) Finally, if the American people approve, I will say that our motto in peace is still, what our motto has been while in war. Every nation is entitled to regulate its own domestic affairs in its own way, and all are bound to conduct themselves so as to promote peace on earth and goodwill to mankind."

Upon the conclusion of the secretary's speech the crowd dispersed, cheering vociferously for the President, the secretary, and the Union.

The following particulars are gathered from various newspaper accounts:—

On Thursday, the 30th of March, Sheridan's cavalry was repulsed in several attempts to reach the Southside Railroad from Dinwiddie Court House, and was reinforced during the night by the 5th Corps, under General Griffin. On the following morning Sheridan again ordered an advance, which was continued without opposition for some distance, until suddenly the left of the 5th Corps was attacked furiously by the Confederates under Generals Pickett and Gensler Johnson. The Federals were forced back in great confusion, but were finally reformed on the Boydton Road by General Sheridan, and again advanced, and finally, after a desperate engagement at Five Forks, succeeded in routing the Confederates and reaching the line of the Southside Railroad. During the engagement Sheridan is reported to have captured over four thousand prisoners. Sheridan's success was the signal for a general advance of the whole army. Early on the morning of the 1st inst. the 5th Corps sustained a severe repulse in an attack upon Fort Mahone, but carried the Confederate lines at other points, and finally, after severe fighting, took the fort by assault, and subsequently repulsed several desperate attempts of the Confederates to re-establish their lines at that point. The 6th Corps also successfully carried the works at adjoining Fort Welsh, capturing some three thousand prisoners. These successes broke the Confederate lines effectually, and a general retreat seems to have followed. The official reports furnished give about the most connected account of the operations on the 1st and 2nd inst. From the confused mass of newspaper correspondence in relation to the four days' fighting, a few intelligible paragraphs might be selected, but these would be disconnected and confusing. The total annihilation of Lee's army is announced as a certainty by some correspondents; while others state that, although losing very severely, Lee will, with the aid of reinforcements from Johnston, make a stand, with the possibility of checking pursuit. He is said to be retreating to Danville, to Lynchburg, or to Roanoke; and his losses are asserted to have been in prisoners alone 25,000 men. Gen. A. P. Hill is reported as killed, and Lee's loss in killed and wounded is stated at 15,000. The Northern press generally regards the speedy and entire dispersion of the Confederate armies as certain. Great rejoicing has occurred throughout the Northern States, business in most cities having been partially suspended, and illuminations and artillery salutes resorted to. Some journals, however, argue that Lee has long ago determined upon the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg, and that the war may be yet greatly prolonged."

The correspondent of the New York Herald writes as follows:—

"At the commencement of General Grant's operations on this line, five days ago, the rebels had a force at their command defending Petersburg, variously estimated at from 60,000 to 75,000

men. The defence of Petersburg was the defence of Richmond. If one fell the other was certain to fall. Hence every available man was brought to confront Grant. Of this boasted army of veteran troops—the last hope of the rebellion—not less than 25,000 have fallen into our hands as prisoners of war. These have been captured on the battle-field as the fruit of severe fighting. Twice thousand and five hundred of them had been delivered at City Point, and disposed of up to last evening. So rapidly were they received that troops could not be spared to guard them all, and Admiral Porter volunteered the services of his sailors and marines for that duty; and the gallant tars of the monitors (the depth of the water not permitting them to get up to Richmond) thus found an opportunity of participating in the great final struggle of the war. I have no data upon which to base an estimate of the casualties in the rebel ranks, but on every hand they are reported to be very heavy. Ordinarily 83*per cent.* is a fair average of losses in a general engagement of any magnitude. But let it be supposed that, because of the lack of spirit in the rebel ranks, which caused them to shrink from the fight, and not stand up so bravely as on former occasions, their losses were small. Make them out twenty-five per cent., that gives from 15,000 to 18,000 killed and wounded. Say 15,000, which, added to the 25,000 captured, makes 40,000, more than half the entire army, at the maximum estimate of its strength, or three-fourths at the minimum estimate. These estimates leave from 15,000 to 30,000 of the Petersburg rebel army yet alive and at large. Add to this, say 10,000 occupying the defences of Richmond, making from 25,000 to 40,000, the survivors of the grand army of Northern Virginia. These are divided into less than four distinct fugitive bands, each seeking safety for itself alone, with no settled purpose or plan of junction, and no rest afforded them by their unrelenting pursuers to form plans.

Sheridan's success at the Five Forks on Saturday cut Lee's right wing off, since which time it has not been heard of. Don't class it was then understood by them that defeat meant abandonment of the Petersburg and Richmond lines, and rightly considering Sheridan's flank movement a virtual defeat, these fellows made off with all haste. Their disappearance has been considered a mystery up to this time, the rebels themselves supposing them captured entirely. The vigorous push by the 9th, 6th, and 24th Corps yesterday morning, retreating and piercing the rebel lines, caused another separation of their forces, cutting off a second large body. Of these eight of these we have some trace. A portion of them started for the Appomattox, and succeeding in crossing that stream by means of a pontoon train at a point some ten or fifteen miles above Petersburg, while the rest, being hard pressed, could not get across, and fled up the river on its southern bank. Sheridan is still pursuing and pushing them, capturing more prisoners at every step. A third detachment, consisting of those who had, or sought to hold, the works immediately in front of Petersburg, escaped through that city. The fourth detachment—those in the defences of Richmond—are also fugitives, it now being known that the place is evacuated. Thus we have the grand army reduced by its many battles and campaigns to but 60,000 or 75,000 men; this number being reduced in the final struggle to 20,000 or 30,000, or including the Richmond detachment not in the battle, to from 25,000 to 40,000; and these again separated by the chances of battle into four distinct squads, each separately put to flight, and being pursued. Thus the rebel army in Northern Virginia is in reality destroyed. The general direction of the flight of each squad is towards the Danville Railroad. Probably they have a plan of forming a junction at Appomattox station or Burkeville. But the plan will be frustrated. Number of the fugitives will be permitted to halt long enough at any point for another to find it. They are on the run, fairly put to flight, and Sheridan's magnificent cavalry, with the elated victorious army of the Potomac, are on their heels, picking up adiunctive prisoners by hundreds and thousands almost at every turn. A more complete destruction of an army was never known. Even Waterloo, when the facts are learned, will be tough not to surpass it. The fugitive character of this once magnificent army is attested by the multitude of its numbers found in St. Petersburg, hid away in houses, barns, and other places of concealment, anxious to give themselves up as prisoners rather than stand long and hopeless pursuit. It is further attested by their leaving behind them their artillery, tents, and all impediments; and by the roads lined with their cast-off guns and accoutrements. Good-bye to the rebel army of Northern Virginia. It has been a noble army, worthy of a better cause, and a more honorable death."

The occupation of Petersburg is thus described by the same correspondent:—

"When Mybrigade entered the city daylight had not yet dawned. Seeing that the rebels would not fight, and that but a scattered few remained in front of them, when the outskirts of the town were reached the firing ceased, and the troops dashed in and captured the most of the small skirmish line that had been falling back before them. They then had undisputed possession of the city, and at half-past four o'clock Colono. My reporter is to General Wilcox. At that hour your correspondent rode in. The streets at first seemed deserted, but the crews of our excited soldiers, as they marched through the town, soon brought out numbers of negroes, men, women, and children, who manifested their gladness by every conceivable demonstration. Arms, handkerchiefs, sheets, tablecloths were waved by these overjoyed people, either as tokens of amity and submission, or in welcome, it was hard to determine which. They bowed and scraped, danced, shouted and sang hymns, swinging their hats and turbans, laughed and cried, and acted altogether very much like people gone crazy with joy. 'Hallelujah, good Jesus, the Yankees has come!' 'Hail de Lord, you's all here!' 'Bress de Lord, we's been lookin' for ye these many days!' 'Glad to see you all; we like you a heap better' is what the rebels said. These and many similar expressions met us on all hands, while the friendly salutations and greetings were so numerous that we wished of returning them. Your correspondent, being the first mounted man in the town, was looked upon as some high military dignity, and received more than his share of these hospitable demonstrations. One old negro woman insisted on kissing my hand, while any number of men, women, presented their babies for a distinguished touch. It was somewhat embarrassing, as well as a little annoying, to be compelled to explain at every almost-corner that I was no very great personage after all."

"And then he drew a dial from his pocket.

"And looking on it he took his eye.

"Say very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock.'

"And as we may see, quota me, 'How the world wage!'

SHARPE'S POCKET DIALS are artistic, accurate time-measuring, made in every size, suitable for everybody, and are sent to every part of the kingdom, said to be at 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, and 37 guineas in gold cases, and at 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, and 26 guineas in silver cases. A descriptive pamphlet post free for two stamps.—J. W. BUNSON, Ladbroke-grove, West and Clock Makers to H. H. H. the Prince of Wales.—[Advertisement.]

DYSPARE AND FIRS—a sure cure for those distressing complaints is now made known in a Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbs, published by Dr. J. Phelps Brown. The prescription was furnished him in such a provisional manner that he cannot conveniently refer to make known, as it has cured everybody who has used it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Spleen, as of Dysspernia, and is a safe remedy for all diseases of the Liver. Complaints, General Debility, and gives the best known Herbs for their positive and permanent cure. Address, Dr. O. Phelps Brown, 4, King-square, Clerkenwell, London.—[Advertisement.]

NO. 2000 DOWMERS without a WHISTLE AND WHISTLE BAG—Simple, compact, durable, and noiseless. Warranted a mile in the requirements of a party; family Machine; Free species free on application at 186, Regent-street.—[Advertisement.]



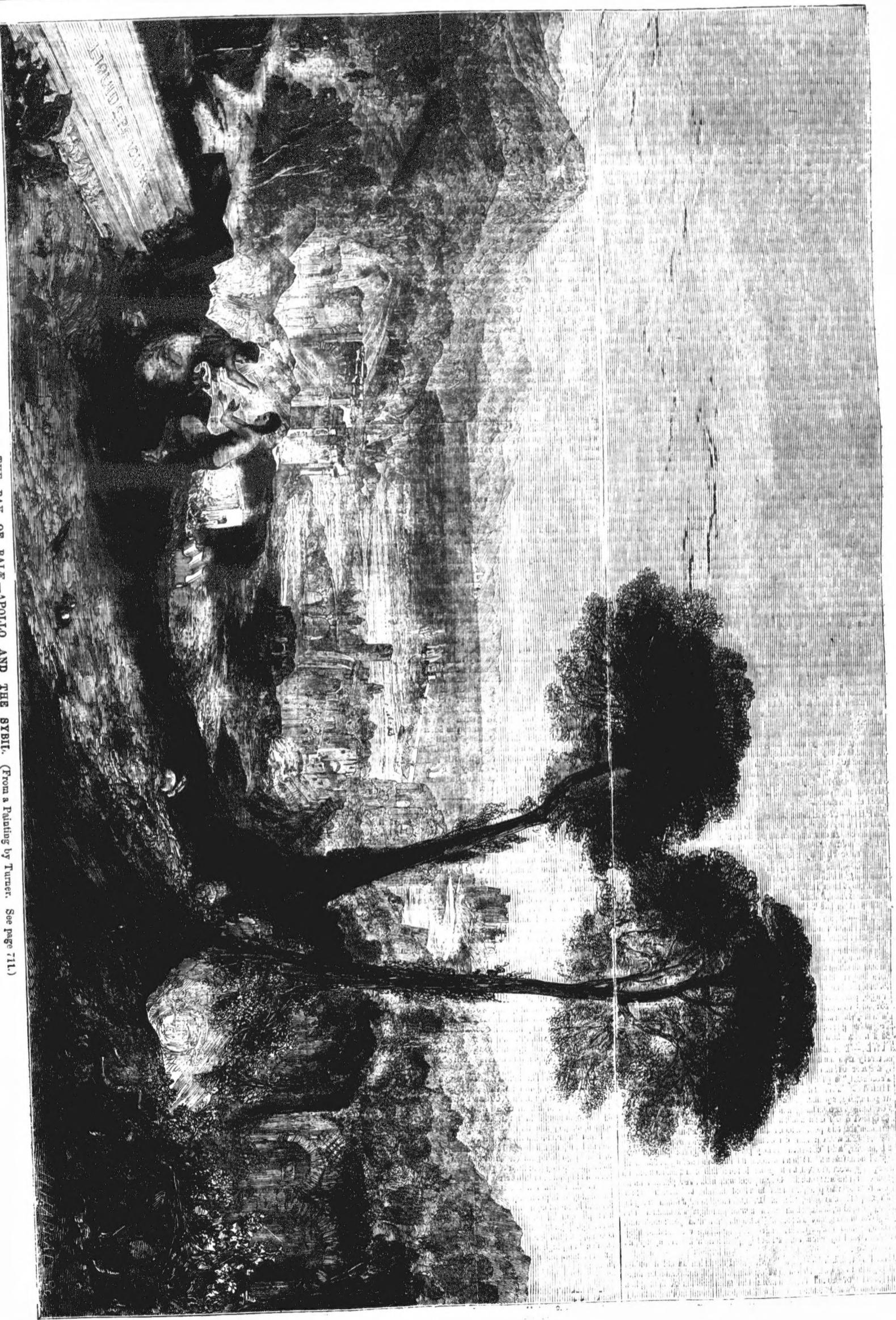
EASTER SUNDAY—THE POPE ENTERING ST. PETER'S. (See page 709.)

THE BAY OF BAIE—APOLLO AND THE SYBIL. (From a Painting by Turner. See page 711.)

APRIL 22, 1865.]

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

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THE BAY OF BAIE-APOLLO AND THE SYBIL. (From a Painting by Turner. See page 711.)

**DRURY LANE.**—The great feature at this establishment, on Easter Monday, was the production of Milton's mask of "Comus," represented and given with that magnificence and finish of detail, which have so eminently distinguished new works and revivals brought out under the management of Messrs. Falconer and Chatton. In 1738 Milton's mask of "Comus" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, with music written by the celebrated Dr. Arne; but it had to undergo serious alterations and modifications, to render it fit for representation. The alterations were undertaken by Mr. John Dalton—a gentleman of some literary fame, who enlarged the musical portion of the piece by lyrics selected from other works of Milton, and by the addition of some songs of his own. The version of "Comus" now being presented at Drury Lane is that which has long been recognised as the stage one, and differs considerably from the production of 1738. Not is all the music that of Dr. Arne. Handel supplies the air with chorus, "Maze thee, nymph, and bring with thee—words from "L'Allegro," and Bishop that of "O'er the smooth enamell'd green"—words from the "Arcades." "Comus" has been frequently produced on the stage in its lyric shape. After its first performance with Dr. Arne's music in 1738, it was performed at Drury Lane in 1750, for the benefit of Elizabeth Foster, granddaughter of the poet, and was subsequently revived at different periods, invariably with great success. A new version, manufactured by Colman, was brought out in 1772, when the dialogue was greatly mutilated, and more music was introduced. The version used at Drury Lane is, for the most part, that of Mr. John Dalton. The verses, which are not entirely Milton's, are only founded on Milton, or are altogether original, are those to the opening chorus, "Ring out ye crystal sphinxes," the song "Now Phœbus sinketh in the west," song "By clamped brouk," chorus "Hark, the merry bells sound," chorus "Mark what radiant stars are spreads," and the song—paraphrased from Milton and set by Mr. Edmund Falconer—"Waste not in dreams youth's ever fruitful hour." The cast of characters at Drury Lane is as follows:—Attendant Sir, Miss Poole; Comus, Mr. Walter Lucy; Elder Brother, Mr. Edmund Phelps; Second Brother, Miss E. Falconer; First Bacchante, Mrs. Henry Dayton; Second Bacchante, Mr. Wilby Cooper; the Lady, Mrs. Herman Veitz; Sabrina, Miss Augusta Thompson. The band has been recruited to excellent purpose, and the choir of fifty select voices fulfil all the requisites of the music. Miss Poole, as the Attendant spirit, has the chief share of the music allotted to her, and sings with all her old charm. The famous bravura song of Dr. Arne, "Sweet Echo"—which, by the way, should be sung by The Lady, who, in the Drury Lane cast, being a non-vocalist, Mrs. Herman Veitz could not sing—is entrusted to Miss Augusta Thompson, a young English lady, who some years ago, as vocal pupil of the Conservatoire of Paris, won the first prize. She gave the "Home Song" with much brilliancy. In the song "By clamped brouk," Mr. Wilby Cooper showed his thorough appreciation of Dr. Arne's beautiful and expressive melody. In "Now Phœbus sinketh in the west," Mr. Henry Dayton displayed a fine recitation for the descriptive. Mr. Walter Lucy sustained the part of Comus with great significance and effect. Mrs. Herman Veitz was an exceedingly graceful and efficient representative of The Lady. Indeed the characters of Comus and The Lady could hardly be personified with greater effect than by Mr. Walter Lucy and Mrs. Herman Veitz. Mr. Edmund Phelps gave the speech of the Elder Brother with the proper measured cadence; and Miss E. Falconer, in the part of the Younger Brother, spoke the lines with much sweetness. The scenery is incomparably beautiful, and is, indeed, in some respects, unique. Has "Comus" no merit than what it might derive from Mr. W. Beverley's poem? we could surmise it great success. The series of scenes comprise—*"The Depths of a Wild Wood,"* "The Tangled Brake," when the brothers come searching for their sister; "The Field of Havering in the Enchanted Forest," where Comus conveys the Lucy; and "Sabrina's Translucent Home," where Sabrina appears with her water nymphs, which winds up all, even as the transformation scene—the introduction to the pantomime. After three of these scenes Mr. Beverley was called for, and each time was received with undiminished enthusiasm. The dresses are costly and magnificent. The ballets and groupings are wonderfully well done, and are admirably in keeping with the spirit and tendency of the poem. "Comus" is a great success, and is likely to hold possession of the stage for some time to come. Previous to "Comus" Mr. Phelps appeared as Bertuccio in "The Fool's Revenge," and was received throughout his performance with great enthusiasm.

**ADEPHL.**—The Easter burlesque here is from the pen of Mr. Byron, and is entitled "Pan; or the Love of Echo and Narcissus," the principal character sustained by Mr. Todd. The extravaganza was well received. It was preceded by the comedy of "The Love Case," and followed by the new farce of "The Deepchase."

**OLYMPIA.**—Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy of "Setting Day" has been curtailed, and it now shows two eight pieces being played as well. The Easter holiday-makers have thus been treated with "Always intended," and the good old farce of "High Life Below Stairs," as well as the comedy.

**LYCÉUM.**—There was a crowded house here on Monday night to witness the new version of "Belphegor, the Moustache." As it was the first time of Mr. Fechner appearing in the character of Belphegor, great interest was manifested; and, if success may be judged from applause, Mr. Fechner has achieved it in this character, notwithstanding the contrasts, not easily forgotten, of the admirable impersonation of the character by Mr. C. Dalton and Mr. Webster. Mr. Fechner's son, a little fellow of about seven years of age, performed the part of Paul, and showed considerable talent for one so tender in years. Mlle. Beatrice appeared as Belphegor's wife, in which she has too little scope for her abilities. The applause was general throughout, and the principal performers received a unanimous recall.

**STRAND.**—The Easter novelty here has appeared in the shape of an entirely new and original drama in two acts by Mr. H. T. Craven, author of the "Post Boy," "Milky White," &c., entitled "One Tree Hill," a piece peculiarly appropriate to Easter Monday entertainments. The rising of the curtain disclosed to view a beautiful painting, by Mr. Charles Fenton, of Greenwich and the summit of One Tree Hill. Its striking resemblance to its well-known original drew down a burst of applause from the audience, and a demand for the presence of the artist. Mr. Fenton appeared, and was received with much cheering. The piece itself is full of original humour, and contains many passages of great pathos and sublimity of sentiment. It was a decided success throughout. The whole company were forced to appear before the curtain to receive the applause of the audience. Our space will not even permit us to give an outline of the plot, so full is it of incident. Mr. Bedford, Mr. D. James, Mr. Farquhar, Mr. H. T. Craven, Mr. James Doyle, Miss Emily Palmer, and Miss Ada Swallowborough sustained the principal parts with great success. The drama was preceded and succeeded by "Gross Purposes," the successful new comedietta by Mr. Farquhar; and by "Fascinating Penelope," the new burletta, by F. O. Burnside, &c.

**SADLER'S WALLS.**—This theatre still remains faithful to its classical reputation, and the works of Shakspeare continue to furnish the greatest storehouse from which the inhabitants of Islington derive their dramatic amusements. The performances on Monday night commenced with the history of drama of "King John," very elaborately placed on the stage by Mr. Edgar. The most effective

of the actors was Miss Marriott, who entailed with unquestionable impressiveness of the action of the play; and Mr. G. M.ville reproduced with considerable vivacity the rosy humour and the recklessness of Falstaff. The concluding piece was an extravaganza, entitled "Calypso and Telemachus," by Mr. Sheridan Brooks. The grave mentor (Mr. W. Ellerton) is an unconscious jest, and young Telemachus (Miss L. Gilmore) does not learn any very solemn morality in the hands of such an instructor, while Venus (Miss Lizzie Harrison), Neptune (Mr. W. S. Foote), and a crowd of the other denizens of Olympus, indulge in a free and easy familiarity of language which is only conceivable in the most jovial and unrestrained terrestrial society. The dialogue contains a number of jokes of every variety of merit; and, on the whole, it flowed on smoothly and was very effectively delivered. It was accompanied by some lively songs and some still more lively dancing, the presence of Calypso and her nymphs affording a fair opportunity for the exhibition of the physical grace and agility of nearly half of the female portion of the establishment. There was a further attraction in the scenery. The concluding scene of the rise of amphitheatre from the earth and ivory chair, formed a grand conclusion to the whole representation.

**ST. JAMES'S.**—Mr. Barnard also supplies the Easter burlesque for this house. It is another version of "Ulysses," and the whole story is compressed into half a dozen scenes. It is brisk and vivacious, and is in the author's well-known witty style. The Ulysses is young Mr. Frederick Hobson, the son of the great actor who gave to burlesque an importance and significance which it had never possessed before. Doctor o' his mother's fame for a reception than which none more hearty ever saluted young aspirant to dramatic honours, Mr. Hobson quickly gave proofs that he had inherited no small portion of his father's talent. Active and agile, a capital dancer, and by no means a bad singer, he soon established himself as a popular favourite, and proved that, even without the perilous inheritance of a great name, he would have been able to make his way upon the stage. The honours, however, of the night were not confined to the most conspicuous *debutant*. Miss Saunders, as Napoleon the First, gained great applause. Mr. Barnard, after showing us Ulysses dragged from Ithaca as an unwilling combatant, exhibits him next as a shipwrecked mariner; and Mr. Hobson, improving the occasion, introduces himself to Queen Calypso by a dance on one leg after the manner of Don Quixote. The author has been as happy as usual in his adaptations of popular music to the purposes of extravaganzas; he has displayed his accustomed talent in wedding words, syllables, even letters to well-known tunes; and he has provided a sufficiency of puns, some of which click grossly, whilst others are really worthy of a smile. With Mr. Hobson, Miss Saunders, Miss Bolton, and Mr. Rogers as its chief supporters, this little extravaganza receives full justice in its rendering; and the plaudits which followed the fall of the curtain might be doubly interpreted as signs that a thoroughly popular humourist had lost none of his accustomed power, and that a new actor had achieved a genuine and well-deserved success.

**NEW ROYALITY.**—This pretty little theatre, under the lessee-ship of the misses Feitham, has a new burlesque by Mr. F. C. Barnard, entitled "Pintchos, the Son of Ixion," which is in every respect a worthy successor to the "Ixion" who had weathered the third storm so long and so successfully, with miss Harriet Feitham "at the wheel." In "Pintchos" the same ingenuity of construction, the same happy description of word-play, lecherous parody, and dance, the same scrofulous success (particularly the final triumph), and the same eminent beauty are displayed. Miss Ada Daventurah, Kenny, and Williams, are new to us (the former a dazzling actress), and joined the dazzling array of loveliness which formed so conspicuous a portion of the long-played "Ixion." Mr. Joseph Keoun, the Buttons of the parent burlesque, was in full force as "The Cocken," a mythological member of the prize-ring, and had many opportunities of evoking his quaint and unobtrusive, but still comitative, humour. Mr. W. H. Stephens, the dryest of comedians, had a good part, and Mr. Fred Hughes was a highly grotesque shadow of his former self, John Siyx. Miss Fanny Clifford, Miss Harriet Feitham, Miss Lydia Hartland, and Miss Nelly Burton all played with vivacity. In the course of "Pintchos" some slightly gross scenes with a dormitory horse are introduced, and a novel jockey Chivalier, in which Miss Rosina Wright is seen to advantage. The burlesque is handsomely put on the stage, and was carried through with spirit and success. The new extravaganza was preceded by "Faint Heart never Won Fair Lady," and followed by the laughable farce of "The Secret." The house was full in every part.

**POLYTECHNIC.**—This popular resort had no lack of patronage. The principal novelty was a new optical illusion, entitled "Proteus; or, the Loves of Echo and Narcissus," the principal character sustained by Mr. Todd. The extravaganza was well received. It was preceded by the comedy of "The Love Case," and followed by the new farce of "The Deepchase."

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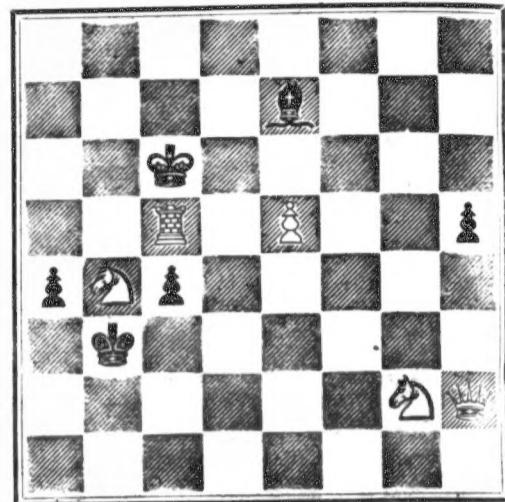
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**H. WALKER'S CHOCOLATES.**—The new Patent Uncuttope Handles keep the hooks at all sizes in true position. By post, 100 needles, 1s.; a set of Penelope, 5s. to 1s.; set Uncuttope, 1s. similar to the Queen, Alcester, and 47, Greenbank-street, London.—[Advertisement].

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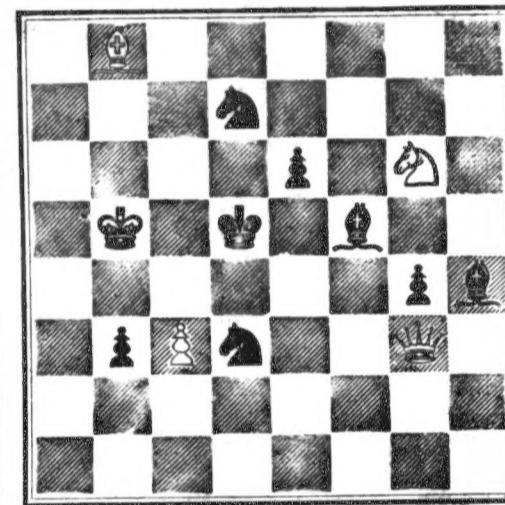
PROBLEM NO. 255.—By MR. W. GRIMSHAW.  
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

[From the "Chess World."]

PROBLEM NO. 256.—By C. W., of Sunbury.  
Black.

White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

HEINRICH FINCH.—The game submitted by you is fairly played for novices, but it is not up to the standard for publication.

T. B. PEARCE.—The Pawn must be exchanged for a piece on its arrival at the opposite side of the board; it cannot remain as a Pawn.

J. S.—No such position as that forwarded by you could, by any possibility, occur in actual play. How could Black's Bishop get to K K square whilst the Kt's Pawn remains on its original square?

W. WRIGHT.—We have never seen Chessmen made of gutta percha, and cannot, therefore, tell you the price of men made of that material.

W. KAMP.—The result of the move (checkmate) is the best answer to your query. By taking en passant, you prolong the mate for two more moves.

## ENVIRONS OF PARIS—ISLAND ST. OUEN.

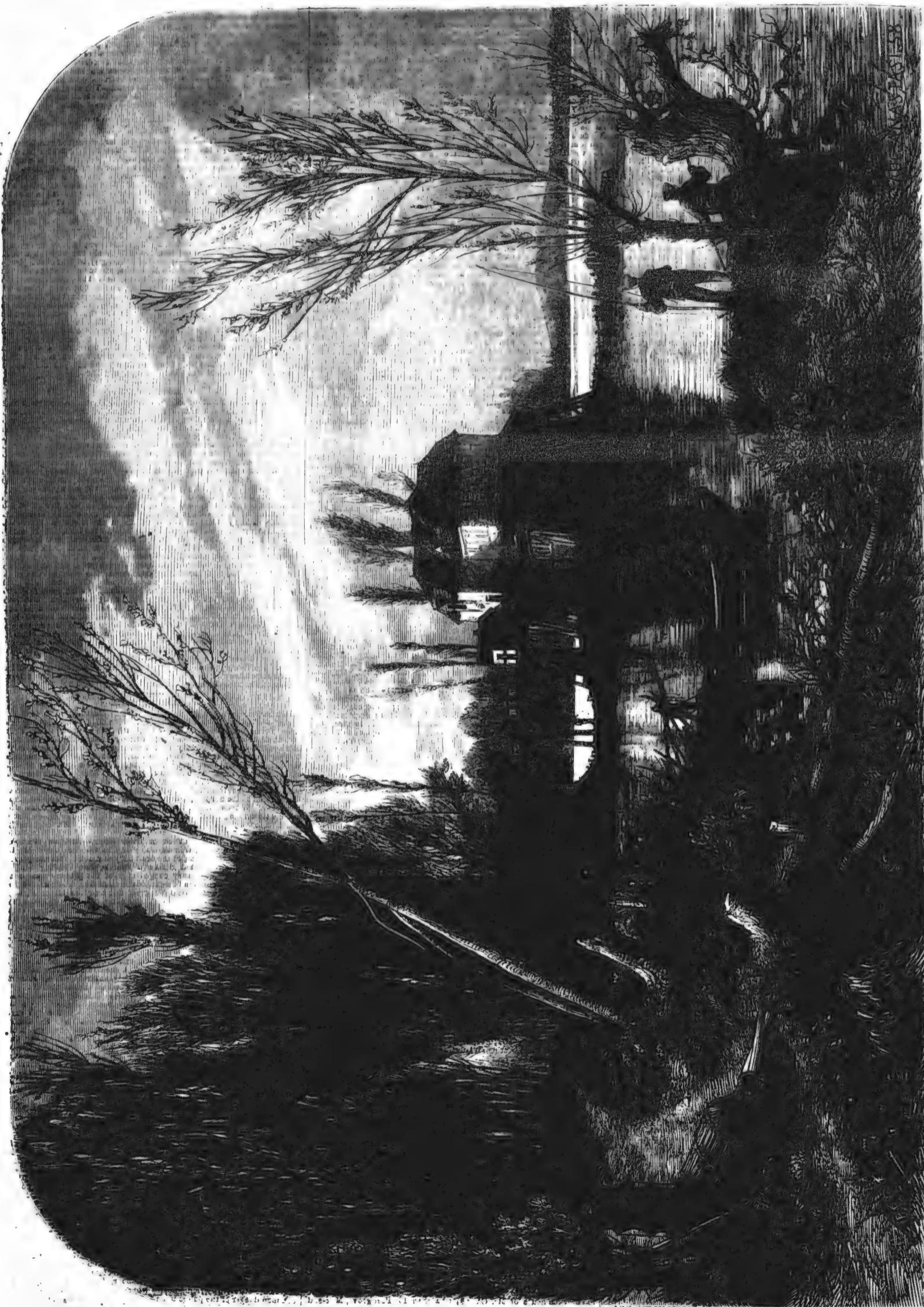
As a specimen of the scenery in the environs of Paris, we give our readers an engraving, on page 716, of St. Ouen. It is situated about four miles to the north of Paris, on the right bank of the Seine. It boasts of a chateau where Louis XVIII signed the "Declaration of St. Ouen," on May 2, 1814.

A COURAGEOUS ECCLESIASTIC.—The Union mentions that the Abbe Querry, curé of Ferrière, and Bletterie, care of St. Clement (Alier), were in danger of falling victims to their devotedness during the late severe weather in that department. While on their way to assist the inhabitants of the village of Lavoine, which was almost buried beneath the snow, they were attacked by six wolves. The Abbe Querry climbed up a tree, while the other, who was armed with a revolver, resolutely faced the animals, and, having brought two to the ground, forced the rest to make off.

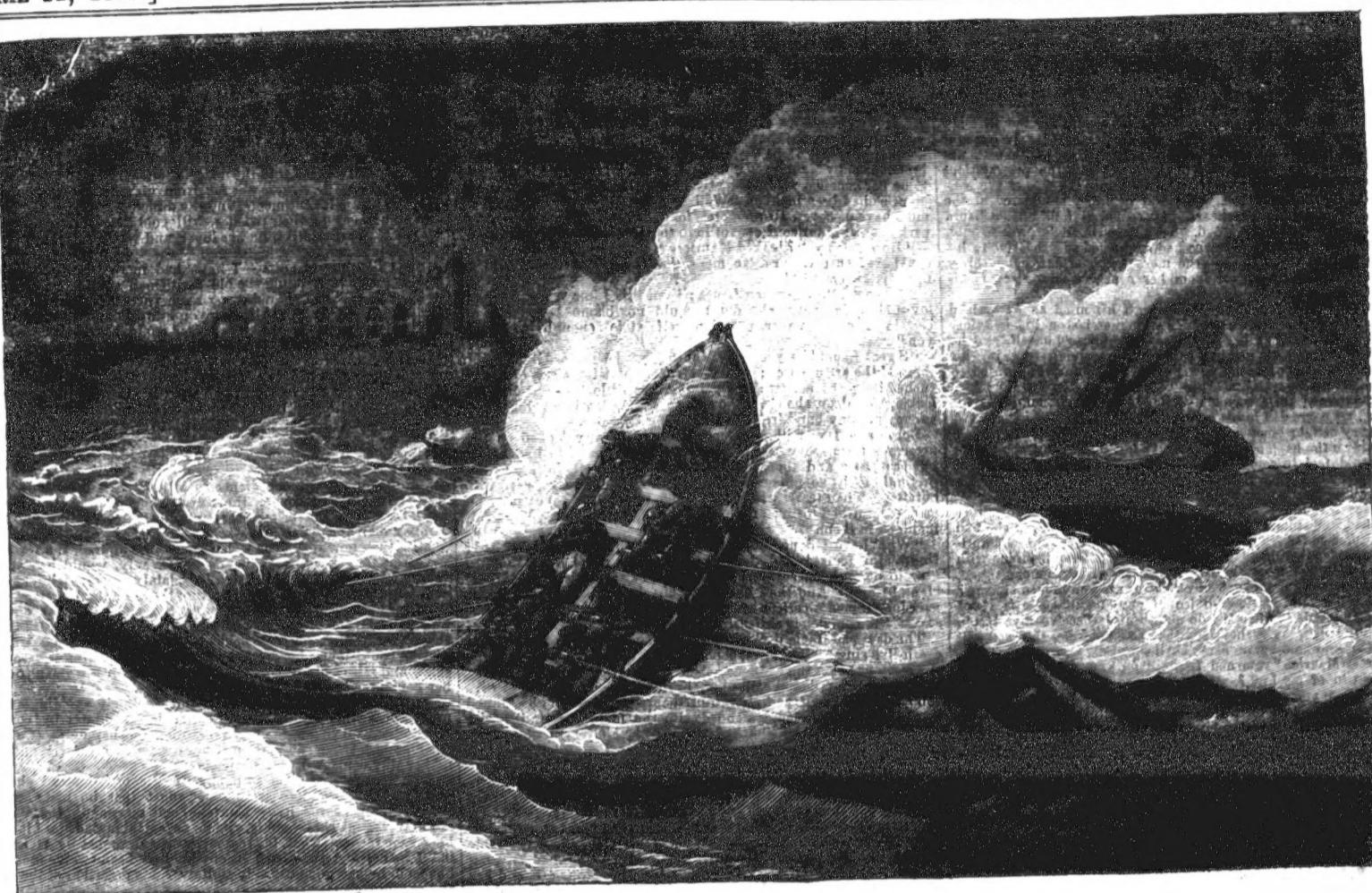
A NARROW ESCAPE.—Lieutenant-Colonel Baron Vander-Smissen, commander of the Belgian detachment in Mexico, had narrowly escaped being killed by one of his officers, Captain Delanoy, son of the general of that name, in a duel arising out of the following incident. Some days after the arrival of the detachment in Mexico the commanding officer received from the Emperor Maximilian four letters of invitation to a court ball. Lieutenant-Colonel Vander-Smissen having distributed the cards to four officers of aristocratic family, Captain Delanoy, whom at table on the following day, made an observation rather offensive to the commander. "I here are not here," said the captain, "either nobles or commoners; there are only officers, and no distinction between them should be made." At these words the lieutenant-colonel raised his arm and made a disdainful movement towards his subordinate, who had taken the liberty to give him a lesson. On the following day Captain Delanoy sent his seconds to the lieutenant-colonel, and a hostile meeting with pistols was the result. The captain fired first, and his bullet grazed the ear of his antagonist. The latter, who was accustomed to amuse himself at Brussels by killing swallows on the wing, with pistols loaded with ball, declared that he had done wrong, and refused to fire in his turn. "I will not kill you," he said to Captain Delanoy, "for I was to blame."

PARKINS AND GORRO'S PAPER WRITING CASES FOR 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), lined with Writing-paper, envelopes, pens and pens, blotting-book, &c. This PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND £100 VENICE SILK was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for the utility, durability, and cheapness. 200,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS AND GORRO, 26, Oxford-street, London.—[Advertisement].





ENVIRONS OF PARIS.—ISLAND OF ST. CUN. (See page 714.)



THE LIFEBOAT PROCEEDING TO THE WRECK OF THE STANLEY, ON TYNEMOUTH BAR.

## LIFEBELTS FOR SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

THE committee of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution have for several years been painfully impressed by the fact, that notwithstanding all the efforts made to rescue shipwrecked seamen, by means of the numerous lifeboats and rocket and mortar establishments which now happily surround our coasts, there are yet large numbers of sailors, amounting to several hundred annually, who miserably perish on our shores.

After a full consideration of the subject, and taking for their data the results of accidents to lifeboats, the crews of which have been provided with efficient lifebelts, and of others which have not been so, the committee have come to the conclusion that a large number of the unfortunate men who are thus every year lost to their friends and their country, might be saved, if they were invariably supplied with really efficient lifebelts.

With a view to bring about so desirable an end the committee of the National Lifeboat Institution have, in the first place, caused to

be prepared, an efficient cork lifebelt of so simple and inexpensive a character that its costliness, at all events, should be no barrier to its universal supply to our merchant seamen. Secondly.—They have decided to make an appeal to the owners of all merchant vessels, but especially of those in the home and coasting trades, on behalf of the seamen who work their craft, and whose lives are risked in their service, and to implore them to provide their servants with this important means of safety. Thirdly.—The committee have determined to undertake, at least for a time, the supply of lifebelts of the description above referred to, at cost price, with a view to bring about their general use on board our merchant ships.

It is proposed to supply these belts, in chests, containing the requisite number for every size of vessel, through the Custom Houses and shipping offices at the principal ports, and to which sample chests will be at once forwarded.

The cost of each belt will be 4s., and the average cost of the chest to contain them will be 10s.

A popular writer lately commenced a tale by asking the question "Is a man's life worth 10s. 6d.?" In now appealing to the owners of ships and employers of seamen, the committee would ask the question, "Is a man's life worth 4s.?"

It is hoped that those immediately interested in the movement, namely, the owners of ships and fishing-vessels, and the crews themselves, will so readily undertake its direction, that there will be no need for the more direct action of the society.

We may add that applications for chests of belts may be forwarded to the Secretary of the National Lifeboat Institution, John-street, Adelphi, London, and to the Collectors of Customs and shipping masters at the different ports of the United Kingdom.

If additional force be required to urge the adoption of these lifebelts, we now appeal to the eye—and refer our readers to the illustration of the wreck of the *Stanley*, of which we gave particulars at the time. Had these belts been in use, how many more lives might have been saved?

## Literature.

## THE INCONSTANT.

HELEN LACY was as pretty a girl as ever ardent lover bent knee to; and, better than that, she was as good as she was pretty. Her cheerful temper and affectionate, obliging disposition rendered her the favourite alike of old and young, and disarmed even envy itself; for the most scandalous gossip was never heard to whisper a word against the sweet and gentle Helen Lacy. It was well known her heart had been long given, and her hand promised, to Maurice Whitty, the playmate of her childhood, the companion of her riper years.

The lover and affianced husband of Helen was a farmer's son; and being an only child, it was of course understood that he would succeed his father in the possession of the farm, and that consequently he was a very eligible suitor; but as Helen's parents were also in very good circumstances, her father being a market-gardener, and having a very flourishing business, with only Helen and a younger daughter to provide for, it appeared altogether as if they were made for each other.

That they were a well-assorted pair as far as external appearance was concerned, no one could deny. His tall athletic form seemed well adapted to protect her slight and sylph-like one; while her soft and gentle manners proved a mild corrective of his somewhat assuming and haughty bearing. That he loved her none could doubt, when they witnessed the magic influence she exercised over his naturally untractable spirit; that she loved him was fully proved by the universal patience with which she soothed his wayward spirit, and charmed him by her mild influence, to peace and love.

For Maurice was selfish, turbulent, and fickle; and it might well be doubted if such so holy as pure love could find a place in a heart already possessed by such evil spirits. Helen's eyes, however, were shut to the imperfections in her lover's character, and though his selfishness was too often made apparent in the sacrifices he exacted of her wishes to his, and his turbulent temper in the fierceness with which he resented anything in the shape of opposition, she, with the fatal blindness common to love, could never see his faults; the fickleness of his character she was doomed to learn by bitter and heart-breaking experience.

It had been agreed between the parents of the lovers that on Maurice attaining the age of twenty-one he should become the husband of his long-loved Helen, who was three years his junior; for they judged, and perhaps wisely, that the young folk would feel more settled and contented when the flutterings and uncertainty of courtship were exchanged for the sober reality of matrimony.

It wanted but four months of the time appointed to "join two tender hearts in one," as the valentines have it, when Mr. Lacy

received a letter from his sister, who was a widow residing in Preston, intimating her intention of paying him a visit, and of bringing with her an only daughter, who was about four years the senior of Helen, whom she represented as being in a very delicate state of health, and recommended by her physician to try the benefit of country air.

An answer expressive of the pleasure the proposed visit would confer, was immediately despatched, and all hands put in requisition to prepare for the reception of the expected visitors. Beds were aired, curtains hung, jugs filled with fresh-plucked flowers, and no pains spared to ensure their comfort and enjoyment, and to give them a welcome.

Meanwhile there was one individual who by no means participated in all this joyous bustle; on the contrary, fearing that the time and attention of Helen would naturally be much occupied with her aunt and cousin on their arrival, which Maurice conceived would materially interfere with his own comfort and convenience, he was by turns gloomy and irritable. Indeed, so far did his selfish anger transport him that even Helen's sweet temper was well nigh overpowering. He contrived, however, to persuade her that it was the excessive affection he entertained for her which made him so unreasonable, and her mild, forgiving spirit was quickly appeased.

The appointed day at length arrived, and with it the expected visitors. Mrs. Lennox was a buxom widow, not yet (so at least it would appear she thought) past the marrying age; and her daughter Laura, a brunette and a beauty, notwithstanding her alleged delicate health, as desirous of winning a husband as her mother was.

The reception being over, and Laura ensconced in the easy chair, for she appeared determined to play the part of an invalid, Mrs. Lennox found time to observe the blooming and retiring Helen.

"Well, brother," she said, "my niece Helen is a charming girl. I suppose, like the rest of our young girls, she is beginning to look out for a husband."

"Yes," returned Mr. Lacy, laughing, "and she has been pretty successful, too; for we expect to lose our little handmaid in the month of October."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Laura, with vivacity, "is my dearest little cousin going to be married so soon as that? Well, of course, I suppose we shall have the pleasure of seeing the happy intended."

Though this was spoken with much apparent playfulness, there was a bitterness in the heart of the speaker which she found it difficult to conceal. It was unobserved, however, by her simple-minded relatives, her mother alone fully comprehending her feelings.

Mr. Lacy then proceeded to inform his sister of the circumstances and prospects of his intended son-in-law, and of the long enduring affection that had subsisted between his daughter and her lover, concluding with these words:

"So you see, my dear sister, our Helen has not made bad use of her time; and though we shall all miss her, for I assure you she is a general favourite, yet I hope and believe that her choice is a pru-

dent one. All I can say is, if she is as happy as she deserves to be we shall none of us have reason to complain."

Maurice did not pay his accustomed visit till after tea, and when he did enter, his fine, manly figure and really handsome countenance, added to the agreeable manners he knew so well how to assume, won at once the admiration of both mother and daughter—the latter, indeed, inwardly resolving that no efforts should be wanting on her part to supplant her cousin in the affections of so charming a young man. In truth, she regarded Helen—who from her meekness she at once set down for a ninny,—as quite unworthy to be the wife of Maurice, more especially when his pecuniary advantages were taken into consideration.

To succeed in her object, Laura well knew she must study the character of him she intended to beguile—that she must discover his weak points, and attack him there; and as the mere contemplation of such a scheme proclaims her to be devoid of all principle, we must not suppose that she would have any scruples as to the means to be employed necessary to effect her purpose.

Accordingly, under the plea of fatigue, she remained quiet the whole evening, an inactive though observant spectator of all that occurred, contenting herself with assuming the most graceful and alluring attitudes, which her reclining posture enabled her to do, and which she had the satisfaction of observing were by no means lost upon Maurice.

On retiring for the night, she contrived to draw Helen, who accompanied her to her bed-chamber, into conversation, and the ready replies she received to her artful questions put her into full possession of all she wanted to know. Her ready perception and quick apprehension enabled her to comprehend at a glance the weak points in Maurice's character; she saw his vanity in his selfishness, and never doubted that, by administering to those, she should be able to secure her victim.

Laura, however, was determined not to spoil her plans by precipitateness. "Slow and sure," was her motto; and, accordingly, for some time she continued to play the invalid; winning Maurice gradually to her side by the softest accents and the sweetest smiles. And, sooth to say, he soon appeared to be nothing loath; bringing daily the sweetest flowers, the ripest fruit, lingering longer by her side, and leaving it evidently with deeper regret.

As Mrs. Lennox required Helen's attendance in the walks she took about the country, Maurice had a good excuse to remain beside Laura; and Helen's unsuspecting nature prevented her thinking aught evil respecting her lover or her cousin. Thus the plans of Laura succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations. Maurice was fairly infatuated by her beauty, her wit, and her accomplishments, all of which were employed to the utmost for the purpose of winning his regard.

At length Laura declared herself so far recovered as to be quite equal for a short walk; and with her usual duplicity took care to choose a day for first venturing out, when she knew that Helen would be detained at home; well knowing that she would ensure the attendance as her chaperon. The morning was lovely; the sun

shone forth in unclouded beauty; the birds breathed out their sweetest melody, and all nature seemed rejoicing, as, leaning on the arm of Maurice, Laura went forth in all the pride of beauty, her heart bounding with triumph as she marked the gaze of tender admiration with which the young man greeted her appearance as she entered the room attired for the proposed walk.

They took their way along a shady lane, and for the first few minutes a profound silence reigned, each being too deeply engaged in thought to desire conversation. The path they had chosen was one which had often witnessed the vows of love, the protestations of constancy which Maurice had poured into the ears of the confiding Helen, his affianced wife; and he fairly shuddered at the altered feeling of his own heart. It seemed as if till he saw Laura Lennox, he had not understood what love was. Helen was so mild, so gentle, that her very presence had ever acted as a sedative to his stormy feelings; but Laura—the mere touch of her hand threw him into a fever; a glance from her eye seemed to electrify his whole frame.

These thoughts passed rapidly through his mind as he walked beside her who had made so sudden an impression on his imagination; but the sound of her voice recalled him to himself, and he speedily dismissed his sombre reflections, resolving to enjoy his present happiness while the power of doing so was yet granted to him.

They pursued their way conversing on different subjects; for Maurice yet concealed in his own bosom the feelings that grieved them both; until Laura began to expatiate in glowing language on the happiness of a country life, expressing the regret she should feel in returning to Preston, and ending her artful eulogium by declaring that her cousin Helen's lot was one which even a queen might envy.

Maurice was not proof against this home thrust; and surely Laura had well studied the character of her companion, or she had not ventured so far. The result, however, was what she had anticipated; taking her hand in his, and looking into her face with eyes in which the most ardent passion was visible, he exclaimed, "Laura, dearest Laura, do you mock me, or are you indeed sincere? Can you think your cousin an object of envy because she is about to become my wife? If so, if I do not abundantly deserve myself, oh, confirm my hopes, my wishes; say that you love me, that you will be my wife, and no other on earth shall ever bear that title."

"Dearest Maurice," returned Laura, "do you require words to convince you of my love? Have you not seen it in my every action? Have you not read it in every glance? You may value it less; I have been told men are often ungrateful; you may, I say, value it less, when you learn how sincerely, how entirely my heart is your own; but—"

"Value it less, beloved Laura!" interrupted the impetuous Maurice; "do not so wrong my love, nor your own ingenuous nature; do not class me among those ingrates of whom you have heard. Dear Laura, believe me, from the moment I first entered your presence my heart acknowledged your power; from that moment it became a helpless captive, a willing slave to your surpassing charms!"

This homage filled the heart of the unprincipled Laura with unbounded delight; but suddenly recollecting herself, "And Helen," she said; "what, dear Maurice, will she say to your infidelity?"

The name of his betrothed thus suddenly uttered, and the conviction of her wrongs and his own base treachery thus instantaneously brought before his mind, caused a pang of acute pain to shoot through the heart of Maurice. He pondered a few minutes, and then he exclaimed, "No, I dare not meet her again; we must fly! Say, my Laura, can you be content to leave your mother, your friends, and go with me to some far distant place where none shall know us? I have the means, I am not without money, and something I shall soon strike out which will enable me to procure more."

But this was a plan which Laura had neither anticipated, nor was she at all disposed to consent; dissembling, however, her chagrin, she answered with one of her sweetest smiles, "Dear Maurice, you cannot be in earnest. Why should we fly? why depart as though we had done something wrong? Trust me, it will be far better to remain; your change of sentiments must soon become apparent to Helen, and she will release you from your engagement of her own accord. Our attachment may then be acknowledged in the face of day, and we may be honourably united. Surely this is far better than running away."

"But how to meet her, how to face the woman I have so cruelly wronged! Oh, Laura, you do not know how good, how amiable she is; nor how sensible I am how much she loves me."

"I can well imagine her love for you, Maurice, by the extent of my own," returned Laura, in a half reproachful tone, "But you cannot, of course, expect to retain the love of both; for my own part, I would immediately decline all participation in a divided heart."

"Nay, now this is the most unkind, dearest Laura," remonstrated Maurice. "God knows my heart is not a divided one; still I cannot but feel remorse at the misery I am heaping on the head of Helen. But be it as you propose; let events take their course. Helen Lacy, though not suspicious, has much penetration, and she will quickly discover that she is no longer beloved. Brought up together from infancy, her superiority over the other village maidens naturally engrossed my preference, and simple fool! I thought this love. Oh, how unlike the passion that now consumes me. It was reserved for you, dearest Laura, to teach me the reality of love."

These protestations convinced Laura that her power over her lover was yet undiminished; and to retain it was now her sole end and aim, for much she feared the gentle unobtrusive charms of her cousin would win back the heart of which she had taken such pains to deprive her.

How love blinds its votaries. Though entirely worthless that heart; though every way unworthy the regard of sweet Helen, it matters not; she loved Maurice; and to her he was all that could be imagined of either good or great.

They now turned their steps homeward; and on arriving there, Mrs. Lennox met them at the door.

"I was going to abide you, Laura," she said, "for remaining out so long; but really the fresh air and exercise seems to have had a magical effect upon you. How much better you look!"

"Yee," said Mr. Lacy, "if I had not seen them come down the lane, I am certain I should have accused Laura of robbing my garden. She absolutely looks as though she had been plucking the roses to transfer them to her cheeks."

This observation of her uncle's was little calculated to lessen the glow on Laura's cheeks—a glow caused by gratified vanity and triumphant success.

Every one who has loved knows the almost imperceptible but certain change that takes place in the manners of lovers after the declaration has been made—the grand secret revealed. Thus it was that Maurice and Laura, unmindful of the presence of others, betrayed their feelings in a thousand minor instances. The chair of Maurice was ever placed by that of Laura; they read the same book; they sang together; they walked together; and yet all this took place apparently so naturally, and by such imperceptible degrees, that it was long before the eyes of Helen were opened to the hideous reality.

One evening she was sitting alone in a summer-house in the garden. She had a book in her hand; but she was not reading—her spirits were unaccountably oppressed, and she had fallen into a fit of musing. She had been walking out with Maurice; and of late she had become gradually aware of a change in his demeanour towards her, though exactly in what manner she could not account even to herself. He was not unkind—he was not distant; on the contrary, he was kinder, more considerate, than she had ever known him; and yet she felt estranged from him—she felt that

they were disunited—separated. Her thoughts reverted to her cousin as the cause; and then, remembering that Laura was to leave them the following week, she was quite angry with herself as her heart gave a bound of joy at the recollection.

At this moment, and while she was yet lecturing herself on the gross selfishness of her disposition, footsteps approached, and immediately afterwards she heard voices behind the leafy screen of which the summer-house was composed. She rose to quit the arbour; but her steps were arrested by hearing her own name pronounced by Maurice Whitby. A voice, which she at once knew to be her cousin's, said, evidently in answer to some remark which Maurice had been making, "Well, would you not have thought she must have discovered our secret long before this? For my part, part, dearest Maurice, I cannot help thinking she is wilfully blind."

"How mean you?" asked Maurice. "Think you if her pure heart could even suspect our attachment, that she would seek to hold me to my engagement?"

"I know not," answered Laura; "but this I know, my own beloved Maurice, that if she did I could not blame her; for I am certain I could never prove myself stoic enough to resign you."

"Sweet Laura!" murmured Maurice, as he pressed his lips to those of the artful Circé; while Helen, suppressing a cry of agony, rushed from the arbour; and gaining her little bed-chamber, and locking the door, she threw herself on the bed, while a long, deep groan of agony burst from her labouring bosom.

Long she lay, still and motionless. Had any looked on that prostrate form, they would have concluded that life had left it; but that now and then deep sob shook her whole frame; and presently sighs so piteous broke forth as though her heart were bursting. Then tears, whose seasonable relief alone saved her from madness, gushed forth; and feeling the relief they were, suddenly indulged in them.

"What have I done?" soliloquized she, "to be so cruelly treated? Ungrateful Laura! and deceiving Maurice! Ah! what have I now to do with life? Without his love existence is but a dreary blank to me." And then she wept afresh; and, strange to say, weeping seemed a perfect luxury to her, and she indulged in it to excess; till, completely exhausted, she fell asleep.

The day had long declined when Helen woke from her lengthy death-like slumber. At first she knew not where she was, nor how she came to be on the bed.

On recovering her recollection, however, Helen began to take counsel with herself as to her future course; for although stunned by the blow, which had descended with the more force in being so completely unexpected, she had yet sufficient strength of mind to look her trouble fairly in the face, to consider its probable results, and courageously to determine to abide them.

After mature deliberation, she resolved on taking an early opportunity of speaking to Maurice and Laura when they were together, and thus to put an end to their suspense and her own; for Helen was not one that could feign feelings she had not, nor could she easily hide her real sentiments; and although she was unable at once to root up all the tendencies which she had so long harboured for her faithless lover, her heart was too pure, and her mind too well regulated, long to entertain sentiments of regard for one who had proved himself so utterly unworthy her regard. She had just arrived at this conclusion, when a gentle tap at the door and the voice of her young sister, Jane, summoned her to supper. After hastily bathing her face, to remove all traces of emotion from her countenance, with a beating heart she descended to the parlour.

Although poor Helen deemed herself prepared to encounter whatever trial might await her, she started, and turned deadly pale, on beholding Maurice seated on the sofa beside her cousin, engaged in familiar chat. And why did she start? She had seen the same thing repeatedly before, and the pulses of her heart had not quickened, neither had her colour fled; but now her eyes were opened; and many things that had before passed unnoticed were now regarded as of infinite importance.

Supper ended, Helen pleaded a headache, and retired to her room, but not to sleep—not to rest. Again and again she resolved to think no more; but who can enchain the thoughts—who can shut up the memory, and forget the past?

Worn out, at length she slept—a dull, heavy, dreamless sleep; but which so renovated her exhausted powers, that, after the pang which she was sure to feel on first awaking, she was conscious of less depression on her mind and spirits than she had felt the evening before. As she was accustomed to assist her mother in the household duties, she had, happily, less opportunity of giving way to depressing reflections. Two or three days passed, during which she could find no means of speaking to the lovers, for such she now perceived they, in reality, were; but, two days before the intended departure of Laura and her mother, the long-desired opportunity at last presented itself.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacy, Jane and Mrs. Lennox had gone to visit some old friends at a farmhouse some distance from home; and thus the young people were left in undisturbed possession.

After dinner they walked into the garden, and sat down in the very arbour in which poor Helen received the first intimation of a circumstance that had caused her such anguish. Maurice was busily engaged in removing the stalks from some strawberries, previous to their being turned into a bowl of cream, when Laura observed, "This time next week, Maurice, you and I shall be far asunder."

"Perhaps not," replied Helen, with quiet gravity. The remark, however, caused her companions to look surprised; but, without heeding their look, she went on thus:—"It is fully time we should understand one another, and play no longer at hide and seek."

The guilty pair were overwhelmed with confusion, and quite unable, had they been willing, to interrupt her.

"It appears," she continued, addressing Maurice, "that your feelings are changed with regard to me. For this I do not blame you. The affections are not to be controlled; but, having enjoyed your confidence so long—and I am not aware of having done anything to merit losing it—I certainly did expect that you would have acted more ingenuously towards me. You could not, surely, fear that I would seek to fester you, if you seriously desired your freedom. To you, Laura, I have little to say but—may you be happy in his affections, and be enabled to retain them better than I have been." She ceased speaking, directly quitting the arbour, before either of the culprits had sufficiently recovered from their surprise to make her any reply.

The lovers sat some time silent and abashed. The long-desired release had come at last; but had it brought with it the expected happiness? No, the mild remonstrance of the injured Helen had inflicted pain of nature far more severe than the sharpest reproof would have done. They tried to rally, but vainly—confidence was busy in the hearts of both, and, for once, would be heard.

Helen appeared no more that evening, and the lovers separated early, less pleased with themselves and each other than they had over been since their first meeting.

The morning sun, however, dispelled these gloomy reflections, and mutual congratulations passed between them on the chief obstacle to their union being removed. The termination of the visit to Mrs. Lennox and her daughter being at hand, it was agreed between Laura and her lover that he should take the first opportunity to acquaint his father with the change in his sentiments, and then follow her to town, to make her his wife. It was also decided that Maurice should try and induce the old man to advance a sum of money, to enable him to engage in a mercantile pursuit; for as to taking up their abode in his native village, after his conduct to Helen, it was what they could neither of them endure to think that.

These arrangements being made, Mrs. Lennox took her leave of

her brother and his family at the appointed time; and, accompanied by her daughter, returned to Preston.

It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Lennox was ignorant of the schemes of Laura, nor of the success that had attended them. That she rejoiced at the latter circumstance will be easily believed, when it is considered that her daughter, whom she had trained in the most expensive manner, was totally dependent on her, and that her income was by no means large; having ascertained, therefore, that Mr. Whitby was independent, and that Maurice was his only child, she was well pleased that the match should take place.

Mr. Whitby, however, was far from viewing the matter in the same light. His sentiments, and the difficulty Maurice had to bring him to consent to their wishes, will be better shown in a letter which Laura received from her lover, and which ran thus:—

"My Beloved LAURA.—I have had more trouble than I can well describe in bringing the old gentleman round to our wishes, and verily believe I should never have succeeded had it not been for the gentle Helen herself, who you know is an especial favourite with my father (by the by, she never could have loved me). She assured him that she was quite willing to resign me to you. So at last he consented to the marriage, and I am to have a sum of money to start me in business. So you may commence making preparations for our wedding, as I shall be in town this day week, and would wish the ceremony performed with all despatch. Believe me, beloved Laura, your faithful lover,

"MAURICE."

Thus far fortune seemed to favour the lovers, and to turn her wheel obsequiously in obedience to all their desires. The happy day arrived in due course, the nuptial benediction was bestowed upon them, and the priest pronounced Maurice Whitby and Laura Lennox man and wife.

Meantime how sped poor Helen Lacy—the injured, the forsaken? To assert that she did not suffer deeply, keenly, would be swerving from the truth; that fact being plainly apparent by her pale countenance and languid step for months after the marriage of the false one. But hers was not a mind to sink under such a stroke. The first acute agony over, she was constrained, on reflection, to acknowledge that such a feeble mind was no stay on which a woman could found her hopes; that a love so shifting—insecure as sand, and false as ice—was a bad foundation for a woman to build her happiness upon.

By thus reasoning on the matter, and resolutely avoiding any reminiscences which might tend to soften her feelings; by constant occupation, and consulting and promoting the happiness of others, she regained, in time, a portion of her former cheerfulness, and went on her way contented, if not rejoicing.

And Maurice—was he as happy in the path he had chosen? Whispers and rumours were soon afloat that he had abundant reason to repent his hasty courtship and marriage. Certain it is, the extravagant habits of his wife made fearful inroads on his really handsome income; that his remonstrances were met by ridicule or indifference; and that long before he had been twelve months a husband, he had good cause to sigh over his desertion of the sweet and gentle Helen.

Helen Lacy never married. Many there were who wished to call her wife, but she had felt too deeply the unfaithfulness of him who had truly loved, the companion of her childhood, the chosen of her heart, to look with an eye of love on any other.

And years afterwards, when death had released Maurice from his long repented engagement, and he hastened to the feet of his first love to implore her forgiveness, and that she would seal it with her hand, her calm and determined reply was:—

"I forgive your inconstancy long ago. I have not the power to forget; but should forgetfulness ever be granted me, I will at once become your wife."

## THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

### GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

**FLOWER GARDEN.**—No time should be lost now in potting off young cuttings as soon as they are sufficiently rooted. Propagate chrysanthemums by cuttings, or by taking off the young rooted suckers, which should be potted singly in small pots, and placed in a gentle heat. Sow hardy annuals for late flowering. Thin herbaceous plants where crowded. Plant hollyhocks in rich ground, deeply dug. Sow pansies for autumnal flowering. Give standard roses a good soaking with manure water. Keep the roller and scythe in frequent use on lawns.

**KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Earth up advancing crops, and make fresh sowings of beans, peas, lettuce, radishes, scarlet runners, &c. Sow Brussels sprouts and other greens. Prick out all young plants sufficiently forward. If potatoes are not already in, plant at once. Dig between rows of advancing crops. Look well to weeding and thinning.

**FRUIT GARDEN.**—Continue budding and necessary pruning. Protect blossom on wall trees. Look to grafts; and if the sun has cracked the clay, fill up the crevices.

**AN EXTRAORDINARY TOAD.**—During the excavations which are being carried out under the superintendence of Mr. James Yeal, of Dyke House Quay, in connexion with the Hartlepool Waterworks, the workmen on Friday morning last found a toad embedded in a block of magnesian limestone, at a depth of twenty-five feet from the surface of the earth and eight feet from any spring water vein. The block of stone had been cut by a wedge, and was being reduced by workmen, when a pick split open the cavity in which the toad had been incarcerated. The cavity was no larger than its body, and presented the appearance of being a cast of it. The toad's eyes shone with unusual brilliancy, and it was full of vivacity on its liberation. It appeared when first discovered desirous to perform the process of respiration, but evidently experienced some difficulty, and the only sign of success consisted of a "barking" noise, which it continues invariably to make at present on being touched. The toad is in the possession of Mr. S. Horner, the president of the Natural History Society, and continues in as lively a state as when found. On a minute examination, its mouth is found to be completely closed, and the barking noise it makes proceeds from its nostrils. The claws of its fore feet are turned inwards, and its hind ones are of extraordinary length, and unlike the present English toad. The Rev. B. Taylor, incumbent of St. Hilda's Church, Hartlepool, who is an eminent local geologist, gives it as his opinion that the animal must be at least 6,000 years old. This wonderful toad is to be placed in its primary habitation, and will be added to the collection in the Hartlepool Museum. The toad when first released was of a pale colour and not readily distinguished from the stone, but shortly after its colour grew darker until it became a fine olive brown.—*Leeds Mercury.*

**SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS AND PASTIMES.**—We recommend our readers who require any Electrical, Galvanic, Chemical and other apparatus to apply to W. Faulkner, operative chemist, 40, Endell-street, Long Acre, W.C., on same side as the Baths. The newly invented Magnetic-Electric Cell, which requires neither acid nor battery, and is both useful for amusements and particularly recommended in all cases of disease where Galvanism is useful, is sold at 4/- to 5/- It is very portable and is fitted in a neat mahogany case. Other Cells with Battery and Handles, complete from 17/- 6d. to 5/- The Sun Light or Magnesia Wire, manufactured by W. Faulkner, possesses unusual brilliancy. It is sold at 2d and 3d per foot, sent free by post on receipt of a stamped envelope. A large assortment of second-hand Camera Lenses, Magic Lanterns and Electrical Apparatus and Batteries of every description. The greatest novelty of the day is the Centrifugal Steam Engine, made of glass. It is prettily fitted up as an ornament. It is filled with perfume or water, and heat being applied, it works with great rapidity, and diffuses its perfume in any place, price 2s. 6d. or packed 2s. 6d.—[Advertisement.]



